JOHN BULL.

"FOR GOD, THE SOVEREIGN, AND THE PEOPLE!"

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

VOL. LXXII. No. 3,729. SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1892. PRICE 6d. By Post 6½.

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THE TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL of this INSTITUTION will be held at the ALBION, ALDERSGATE STREET, on TUESDAY, May 17th.

The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR in the Chair, Kindly supported by Mr. Sheriff Foster and Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Tyler.

FIRST LIST OF STEWARDS.

His Grace the DUKE of ARGYLL, K.G., President.
The Right Hon. the EARL of DERBY, K.G., P.C., &c., V.P.
The Right Hon. the LORD EBURY, P.C., &c., V.P.
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The EIGHTY-FIFTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL will take place at the ALBION TAVERN, Aldersgate-street, on TUESDAY, 10th MAY, 1892, the Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR in the chair, supported by the Sheriffs, &c. Dinner on table at 6 for 6.30 p.m. precisely.

LIST OF STEWARDS.

The Right Hon. Lord EBURY, P.C., President.

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The Right Hon. the Earl of Stradbroke, V.P.
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JOHN WHITTINGTON, Secretary.

20th April, 1892.

THE

CHURCH DEFENCE INSTITUTION.

THE ANNUAL MEETING

of the CHURCH DEFENCE INSTITUTION will be held in

THE WESTMINSTER TOWN HALL,

VICTORIA STREET, S.W.,

On TUESDAY, MAY 17th,

At 3 o'clock.

THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON

in the Chair.

The Bishop will be supported by Viscount Cross, G.C.B., Lord Windsor, Lord Egerton of Tatton, the Viscount Wolmer, M.P., Lord Henry Bruce, M.P., Sir Charles Dalrymple, M.P., Sir Richard Temple, M.P., Admiral Field, M.P., Mr. Addison, Q.C., M.P., Mr. J. A. Rentoul, M.P., the Rev. G. S. Reaney, &c., &c.

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This Evening, at 8. RICHELIEU. Mr. Henry Irving; Messrs. William Terriss, Frank K. Cooper, Tyars, Bond, Arthur Stirling, Haviland, and Mr. Gilbert Farquhar; Misses Bessie Hatton, Coleridge, and Jessie Millward.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

To-day, at 2, HAMLET. Hamlet, Mr. Tree; Ophelia, Mrs. Tree. Messrs. Fernandez, Kemble, Fred Terry, Macklin, Arthur Dacre, George Barrett, and Allan; Miss Ivanova and Miss Rose Leclercq.
This Evening at 8, P RIL. Mr. Tree, Miss Julia Neilson, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Allan, Miss Claire Ivanova, Miss Lizzie Webster, and Miss Rose Leclercq.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

This Evening at 8, THE WHITE ROSE. Mr. Leonard Boyne, Mr. Charles Cartwright, Messrs. J. D. Beveridge, Lionel Rignold, Charles Dalton, Charles Collette, Fuller Mellish, Matthew Brodie, George Cockburn, Howard Russell, A. Leigh, W. Northcote, &c.; Miss Evelyn Millard, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Clara Jecks, &c.

GAIETY THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.30, CINDER-ELLEN UP TOO LATE. Miss E. James and Mr. Fred Leslie. At 7.40, QUEEN STREET

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8, THE LIFE WE LIVE. Messrs. Charles Warner, Wilfrid R. Shine, Henry Bedford, Ian Robertson, Walter Gay, Harry Eversfield, and W. L. Abingdon; Mrs. Dion Boucicault, Misses Brinsley Sheridan, Elizabeth Rouse, Lilian Millward, and Mary Rorke.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.30, ALONE IN THE WORLD. Miss Louise Litta, and Miss Ida Hale; Mr. Theo. Bolour, and Mr. A. Waller, &c. At 7.45, a Comedietta.

FESTIVAL OF THE SONS OF THE CLERGY.

INSTITUTED A.D. 1655.

The 236th ANNIVERSARY will be CELEBRATED, with a Full Choral Service, in St. Paul's Cathedral, on WEDNESDAY, the 11th of May, Commencing at 3.30 p.m.

Sullivan's "In Memoriam" will precede the service.
A new Service by Gadsby will be introduced.
The Anthem will be a selection from Spohr's "Fall of Babylon."
The SERMON will be PREACHED by the Lord Bishop of ST. ASAPH.
The Service concluding with Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus."
The choir of 300 voices will be accompanied by the organ and a full orchestra, Dr. George Martin conducting.
The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the Archbishops and Bishops, the Stewards &c., will attend.

The ANNUAL DINNER will take place the same day, in Merchant Taylors' Hall, the Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR Presiding, supported by the Sheriffs, Archbishops, Bishops, Stewards, &c.

The number of persons assisted in 1891 was 1,698, viz:—321 clergymen, 996 widows and aged single daughters of clergymen and 381 children of clergymen—69 of whom were orphans; and the amount distributed £24,162.
Tickets are issued from the Corporation House, 2, Bloomsbury-place, Bloomsbury-square W.C., to all Governors and to all who subscribe to the funds of the Charity.

Corporation House, Bloomsbury-place, W.C. W. PAGET BOWMAN, Registrar.

CRITERION THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.30, THE FRINGE OF SOCIETY. Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. F. Atheley, Miss Mary Moore, Miss Carlotta Addison, and Mrs. Langtry.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.30, BLUE-EYED SUSAN. Miss Nellie Stewart, and Phyllis Broughton: Mr Arthur Roberts and Mr. Chauncey Olcott. At 7.45, DONNA LUISA.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.45, WALKER, LONDON. Mr. J. L. Toole and Miss Mary Brough. At 7.45, DAISY'S ESCAPE. Mr. J. Billington and Miss Poole.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.15, MIDSUMMER DAY; at 9, LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Nutcombe Gould; Miss Fanny Coleman and Miss Marion Terry.

SAVOY THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.50, THE VICAR OF BRAY. Mr. Barrington and Miss E. Brandram. At 8, CAPTAIN BILLY.

GLOBE THEATRE.

This Evening, at 9, BEATA. Miss Francis Ivor. Miss Susie Vaughan, and Miss Estelle Burney; Messrs. Henry Vernon, Robert Soutar, Austin Melford, and Leonard Outram. Preceded at 8, by THE FIAT OF THE GODS.

COURT THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.15, THE NEW SUB. At 9.15, ROSEN-CRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN. At 10, A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL. Messrs. Thomas, Elliot, Branscombe, Bertram, Weedon Grossmith, &c. Misses G. Kingston, Terriss and D. Moore, &c.

TERRY'S THEATRE

This Evening, at 8.45, THE MAGISTRATE. Messrs Edward Terry, Mackintosh, Henry V. Esmond, Brabourne, &c.; Mesdames Fanny Brough, A. Hill, A. Maitland, and E. Matthews. At 8.15, Musical Sketch by Miss M. Gunthony.

NEW OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening at 8. RICHARD THE THIRD. Edmund Tearle, &c.

AVENUE THEATRE.

This Evening at 8.30, A DOLL'S HOUSE. Mr. Charles Charrington and Mr. S. R. Foss; Miss Marion Lea and Miss Janet Achurch.

COMEDY THEATRE.

This Evening at 8.30, THE WIDOW. Mr. Eric Lewis, and Mr. Arthur Cecil; Miss Violet Armbruster, and Miss Annie Irish. Followed by TIME IS MONEY. Mr. Charles H. Hawtrey; Miss Featherston, and Miss Lottie Venne. At 7.45, A BREEZY MORNING.

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The proportion of aggravated cases to simple cases is larger than it was formerly; hence more expensive instruments are required, greater care is entailed, and increased Funds are needed. Subscriptions and donations will be thankfully received by Lloyds, Barnetts, and Bosanquet's Bank (Limited), 62, Lombard-street, E.C.; and by the Secretary, at the Institution, 35, Finsbury-square.

JOHN WHITTINGTON, Secretary.

JOHN BULL.

LONDON, MAY 7.

"LABOUR DAY" AND THE REVOLUTION.

The papers continue to record nearly every day some fresh dynamite or other outrage perpetrated by the advanced Revolutionary faction in various countries, and it cannot be said that the manner in which this latest Revolutionary move is being met is calculated to discourage simlar manifestations. The aim of the Anarchists is to produce general terror, and it is humiliating to have to confess that their efforts have been largely successful. This is specially true of France—as usual, the focus and centre of Revolutionary disturbance. The truth is not to be disguised, that public feeling in France betokens a spirit the reverse of courageous—the direct result of a demoralisation for which Republican institutions must be held mainly answerable. Itself Revolutionary in origin, and Revolutionary in its policy and methods, the Republic offers but a poor guarantee for the preservation of social order against the assaults of fresh Revolutionary conspiracies. The Republic commands neither loyalty nor confidence. If it has remained in undisturbed possession of power, it is because there is nothing to take its place. The thing is, at best, a barely tolerable makeshift—no more. It would be difficult to point to anything in the French Republic calculated to arouse that enthusiasm which, in times of public danger, knits together the citizens of a State in patriotic self-defence. The Republic, in short, offers Frenchmen no central point of attraction round which good men may rally.

Nor, on the other hand, does the Republic show itself competent to discharge the primary responsibilities of a Government. To expect those answerable for the maintenance of order to cope, in the first instance, with the manifold activities of Anarchist desperadoes would doubtless be unreasonable. But when Anarchist outrages are openly menaced, there are certain obvious measures of a precautionary character which no Government of ordinary capacity would neglect. Take, for instance, the disastrous explosion at M. VERY'S restaurant. The commonest prudence dictated the adoption of such measures as should effectually frustrate Anarchist designs at that point, if anywhere. The failure of the Republican officials to protect M. VERY has done more than anything else to undermine the public sense of security, and with it the individual sense of duty. We are not alleging any excuse for the contemptible cowardice of the jury in the RAVACHOL case. But it is worth while to point out, first, that there is no reason to suppose that, in point of courage or public spirit, these particular jurymen fell below the general level of their countrymen; and, secondly, that so lamentable a condition of the public mind in France is the unquestionable outcome of a *régime* that alike paralyses patriotism, weakens public confidence, and saps the individual feeling of responsibility.

If the Anarchical movement in Europe and America is to be adequately dealt with, it must be met in a very different spirit from that which at present seems to animate the responsible guardians of order. It would be futile to deny that, so far, these murderous wretches have had the best of the game. Most of the Anarchist perpetrators of outrage have got clear off. The few that have been caught have been and are being treated with a leniency that is little short of criminal. We have said before, and we repeat now, that these inhuman monsters have deliberately adopted an attitude towards society which places them on a footing with pirates. They are *hostes humani generis*. It is a duty clearly incumbent on the civilised world to hunt them down like noxious beasts, wherever found, unrelentingly and unremorsefully. No heed whatever should be paid to the silly squeamishness that, professing to deprecate "panic," seeks to minimise the righteous indignation which the whole community feels, and ought to feel, against the authors and designers of these diabolical outrages. It is a simple absurdity to pretend that crimes like those of the Anarchists do not need special measures of repression. That is precisely what they do need; and not only measures of repression, but measures *of* prevention also, and these of the most drastic description.

Englishmen have a right to ask why no less than 400 leading Continental Anarchists should recently have been permitted to take refuge in this country. Why should we harbour a woman like LOUISE MICHEL in our midst? There is absolutely no valid reason why every one of these pestilent creatures, on arriving from abroad, shall not, at the very least, be arrested and imprisoned. Why, again, should Anarchist publications be permitted, as they have been for years previous to the present prosecution of one of their number?

There is not much difficulty in giving the answer to the question why these and other such-like things are so—why incitements to murder and outrage have been tolerated—why the authors and accomplices and advocates of wholesale murder and outrage should be allowed full liberty to carry out their plans. The reason is that their motive is termed "political." The modern Radical doctrine is that any crime—no matter what—is palliated, if not excused, it it can be even nominally included under the category of "political offences." We need not stay to point out, for the thousandth time, the real character of this infamous plea. The most interesting thing about it is the light that it throws on contemporary ways of viewing "political" offences. The plain truth is that Sedition, Privy Conspiracy, and Rebellion are no longer regarded as morally blameable at all. That is a doctrine to which well-nigh every Liberal stands committed. So little is Treason to be considered culpable in these days that it positively extracts the guilt out of any other crimes which may accompany it. It is, in fact, evident that much of the difficulty that now attends, or is supposed to attend, the repression of Anarchy, really owes its origin to the false and pernicious Liberal dogma that Treason is not blameworthy—that Sedition, Privy Conspiracy and Rebellion (like their companions, False Doctrine, Heresy, and Schism) are rather laudable than otherwise.

It should be the concern of every man of sound principle among us to restore to its rightful position the good old English notion, embodied in the English law, that Treason, inasmuch as it is not merely an offence against the State, but a blow deliberately aimed at the very existence of the State, is to be punished with the death penalty. To mention a particular instance, we hold it to have been an irreparable injury to the Realm that the whole of the Irish Nationalist Members of Parliament should not years ago have been called upon to stand their trial for high treason, and if convicted, made to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. The hanging of PARNELL and his principal associates would have settled the Irish question for good and all. But it would seem as though in these days, by common consent, sedition is permitted to proceed to very great lengths indeed before the sedition-mongers are in any way checked or interfered with. The toleration accorded to seditious spouting in public places and to gatherings held to promote Revolutionary principles, is nothing short of a scandal. The "Labour Day" demonstration in Hyde-park last Sunday included—as it has done in previous years—meetings of an ultra-Revolutionary character. For Government to tolerate similar gatherings is a gross dereliction of duty for which they ought to be called to account.

Meanwhile it is of some interest to observe how completely the essential unity of the Revolutionary movement is illustrated by the Hyde-park gathering. It is an instructive fact that the advocates of the compulsory limitation of the hours of labour co-operated on this occasion with the men who march under the Red Flag. As to the Eight Hours' movement itself, we may venture to doubt whether, even yet, the public has thoroughly grasped the full meaning of the agitation. To forbid a man by Parliamentary enactment to work for as many hours as he himself chooses to work, would in itself be an act of tyranny so monstrous that no further argument would be needed to condemn the proposal outright. But there is more than this behind the Eight Hours demand. It is intended, in the first place, that, though a man works for shorter hours, there shall be no reduction in his wages; and, secondly, that the reduction in the amount of his work shall be compensated for by the employment of a larger number of hands, so as to absorb the unemployed. On the economic fallacies of this scheme we have frequently dwelt at length. Our present object is to point out that the Eight Hours' movement is really an attempt to use Parliament as an instrument for fixing wages in the interest of the wage-earners—one of the main items in the Socialist programme.

As to the feasibility of any such proposal, it may be as well at once to undeceive its gabbling promoters and their foolish dupes. If these men imagine for a single moment that free Englishmen will ever permit themselves to be made the victims of a Socialist tyranny, they have studied the history of their country (if they have studied it at all) to very little purpose. Nothing of the kind they anticipate is destined to happen in England, and Mr. GLADSTONE has just rendered some service to the cause of common-sense by giving the Eight Hours agitators to understand that he thinks their programme utterly impracticable.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

So far as the Parliamentary Session has proceeded, the Government has scarcely been successful in strengthening its position in the country. The sullen discontent that the Radical legislation of the Ministry has provoked in the ranks of its supporters has not been appeased by the fact that the only important measure which is likely to be carried this year is the Small Holdings Bill, which is purely and simply a Socialistic scheme. It is not likely that the Irish Local Government Bill will be persevered in with any intention of securing its passage into law; but as the project is one which will lend itself to interminable discussion, it will serve to fill up the time of the House until the dissolution. There is but little doubt now that the General Election will take place in July, and the arrangements and the plans of politicians are already being made on this supposition. In three months' time it will be known whether the country has given a renewed lease of office to Lord SALISBURY or whether Mr. GLADSTONE is recalled to power.

Great as are the uncertainties of the ballot, and although it is usually the unexpected that happens at a General Election, yet the anticipation of the close observers of the drift of opinion in the constituencies is likely to be realised on this occasion, and the appeal to the nation will doubtless result in the rout of the Unionist party. It is not often that such complete agreement is found in the fore-

casts of the electioneering managers of the rival parties. There are differences of opinion as to the largeness of the Gladstonian majority, but there is no doubt that a Gladstonian majority will be obtained. For this deplorable result the Conservative leaders have only themselves to blame. They have chosen to devote themselves whilst in office to carrying out a Radical policy, and to passing measures of legislation based upon thoroughly Radical principles. Their financial policy has been devised more with a view to conciliate Radical sympathies and to respond to Radical cries than with any intention of guarding the interests of the Conservative classes. Even in trifling questions they have been absolutely indifferent to the convictions of their staunchest supporters, as, for example, on the subject of political meetings in Church schools.

As a consequence of the huge blunders in political tactics that have been committed by the Government during the six years of its existence, it finds itself on the point of appealing for the support of a party which has lost confidence in its leaders, and as a body heartily disapproves of the policy which they have given effect to. The enthusiasm which was displayed on the Conservative side in 1885 and 1886 is notoriously not to be discovered in 1892. It is widely felt that there is less risk of Radical legislation if Mr. GLADSTONE returns to Downing-street than if the present Cabinet has further opportunities of carrying out its "frankly democratic" principles.

If the results of the General Election are to make Mr. GLADSTONE once more Prime Minister, the probabilities are that his opportunities for mischief would be of an exceedingly restricted and limited kind. The difficulties of dealing with the Home Rule Question in a House of Commons in which the Irish Nationalists would be masters of the fate of the Radical Government would doubtless prove insuperable. Before six months a defeat of the new Ministry and a fresh appeal to the constituences would be the natural results of an impossible condition of political parties. Even if a Home Rule Bill of some kind were to be passed through the House of Commons, its rejection by the House of Lords would lead to another dissolution at no remote date.

The forthcoming election for South Hackney will be interesting as a test of the feeling of the London constituencies at the present time, when distinctly political issues are presented to them. The recent County Council elections were lost owing to the abstention of the Conservative voters. What will be the attitude of the Conservative electorate in the Parliamentary contests? North Hackney has always been regarded as a safe Conservative seat. It may be thought that if it were deliberately designed to ensure defeat no better candidate could be put forward on the Conservative side than Mr. BOUSFIELD. In his address and in his speeches he has boldly advocated extreme Radical doctrines on social questions. Why, under these circumstances, Conservatives who have strong principles and convictions should be expected to vote for him it is hard to say. His defeat on Wednesday, which is generally anticipated will have the effect of indicating to the Government how little favour the frankly democratic policy finds amongst the Conservative electors.

ERRATUM.—In the leader which appeared last week, "Her Majesty in Council," on page 280, col. 1. par. 2, "not" should be inserted after "It is emphatically."

The Queen Regent of Holland, and the young Queen Wilhelmina, left the Royal residence on Monday for Sand, a small and beautiful health resort in the Black Forest. The physicians of the Queen have advised the Regent to make this excursion for the benefit of the young Queen's health. On the 30th inst. the Queens leave Sand for Potsdam, where they will be, until the 3rd of 4th of June, the guests of the German Emperor and Empress.

Reviews.

THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE.*

Mr. Oman is undoubtedly one of our coming historians, and though he has not as yet given to us any *magnum opus*, we may fairly judge from his *parerga* that he is destined, if health and strength be allowed him, to attain to a high position among them. We are all the more glad to welcome such a coming man as the elder generation passes away, and though it would be, perhaps, saying too much in Mr. Oman's favour if we were to hail him as supplying the place left vacant by Mr. Freeman's death, it is something to think that the torch has been handed on to a not unworthy coadjutor of the late History Professor. Regarding from that point of view his present book, in which he has contributed a most interesting volume on *The Byzantine Empire* to Mr. Unwin's admirable *Story of the Nations* Series, it gathers additional interest from the fact that the author follows on the lines of his distinguished predecessor when he protests against the sweeping condemnation of all the Eastern Romans of all the centuries between the first and the fourteenth Constantine as cowardly, corrupt, and effete. The correctness of the unfavourable verdict passed upon them by Mr. Lecky, and by a yet greater historian than Mr. Lecky, from whom other writers besides Mr. Lecky have been content to take their estimate of the Byzantine Empire, is disputed by Mr. Oman, as it was disputed by the late Mr. Freeman. We are somewhat surprised to find the former making no reference to the latter, when he applies himself to setting aside the verdict of Gibbon and of his numerous followers, among whom we must include Mr. Lecky. For not only in the little book on the Saracens by the late Oxford History Professor—which is not so well known as it deserves to be—but in many other of his contributions to historical literature, Mr. Freeman protested vigorously against the popular Gibbon-and-water estimate of the much abused "Greek of the Lower "Empire," and many passages in Mr. Oman's present volume are but a repetition and amplification of that protest. But it is probable that the author, like most of the modern Oxonian students of history, has become so thoroughly imbued with the method and the spirit of Mr. Freeman that he has forgotten how much he really owes to his instructor, and is content to refer to "the monumental work of "Finlay, published in 1856, and the more modern "volumes of Mr. Bury, which appeared in 1889," as furnishing the most complete vindication of the much-abused Byzantines, and as helping most effectively to realise "the great work of "the East Roman Empire in holding back the "Saracen and in keeping alive throughout the "Dark Ages the lamp of learning." It is thus, in the spirit of Freeman, as well as in the spirit of Finlay and of Bury, rather than in that of Gibbon, that he has endeavoured to tell the story of Byzantium, and what he has endeavoured has been most successfully carried out. The main, and, indeed, almost the only criticism, which occurs to us in considering the volume as a whole, being that it is doubtful how far the story of the Byzantine Empire can in strictness be called the story of a nation. For there is little, if anything, national about it. It is as part of the Roman Empire that it has the more claim upon our attention, and the nationality, as far as there is any nationality at all about it, is Greek. The original founders of Byzantium were Megarian settlers, but the old Megarian settlers were completely exterminated when the soldiers of Gallienus sacked the city in 263, long before the time when Byzantium became the seat of empire. There never, indeed, was any Byzantine nation. It was the marvellous advantages of the position of Byzantium, not any national claim on the part of its inhabitants, which won for it the great place it holds in history. But it is, perhaps, hypercritical to object on this ground to Mr. Oman's very attractive volume, and we should certainly have regretted if a more strict insistance on the publisher's part on confining the series of *The Story of the Nations* to what was actually comprised within its title should have resulted in the exclusion from that series of the volume now before us. In it a most interesting subject is dealt with in a most interesting manner, and few, if any, of the previous volumes of the series have so great a claim on the reader's attention, whether we consider the importance of the subject itself, or the admirable manner in which it has been treated.

* *The Story of the Nations—The Byzantine Empire.* By C. W. C. Oman, M.A., F.S.A.—London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1892.

Putting aside the Megarian founders, who, we suppose, if it were a real *Story of the Nations*, would have the first claim on our attention, we proceed at once to that choice by Constantine of the site of a new Rome, which was destined to have so important a bearing on the world's history. Though in many respects a typical Roman, he was not a thorough Roman in his sympathies, and was thus enabled to make that transfer of the seat of Empire from the banks of the Tiber to the shores of the Bosphorus, which would have seemed an act of sacrilege to a real Roman Emperor.

Born by the Danube, reared in the courts and camps of Asia and Gaul, he was absolutely free from any of that superstituous reverence for the ancient glories of the city on the Tiber which had inspired so many of his predecessors. Italy was to him but a secondary province amongst his wide realms. When he distributed his dominions among his heirs, it was Gaul that he gave as the noblest share to his eldest and best-loved son: Italy was to him a younger child's portion. There had been emperor's before him who had neglected Rome: the barbarian Maximinus I. had dwelt by the Rhine and the Danube; the politic Diocletian had chosen Nicomedia as his favourite residence. But no one had yet dreamed of raising up a rival to the mistress of the world, and of turning Rome into a provincial town. If preceding emperors had dwelt far afield, it was to meet the exigencies of war on the frontiers or the government of distant provinces. It was reserved for Constantine to erect over against Rome a rival metropolis for the civilized world, an imperial city which was to be neither a mere camp nor a mere court, but the administrative and commercial centre of the Roman world.

For more than a hundred years Rome has been a most inconvenient residence for the emperors. The main problem which had been before them was the repelling of incessant barbarian inroads on the Balkan Peninsula; the troubles on the Rhine and the Euphrates, though real enough, had been but minor evils. Rome, placed half way down the long projection of Italy, handicapped by its bad harbours and separated from the rest of the empire by the passes of the Alps, was too far away from the points where the emperor was most wanted—the banks of the Danube and the walls of Sirmium and Sirgidunum. For the ever-recurring wars with Persia it was even more inconvenient; but these were less pressing dangers; no Persian army had yet penetrated beyond Antioch—only 200 miles from the frontier—while in the Balkan Peninsula the Goths had broken so far into the heart of the empire as to sack Athens and Thessalonica.

Constantine, with all the Roman world at his feet, and all its responsibilities weighing on his mind, was far too able a man to overlook the great need of the day—a more conveniently placed administrative and military centre for his empire. He required a place that should be easily accessible by land and sea—which Rome had never been in spite of its wonderful roads—that should overlook the Danube lands, without being too far away from the East; that should be so strongly situated that it might prove an impregnable arsenal and citadel against barbarian attacks from the north; that should at the same time be far enough away from the turmoil of the actual frontier to afford a safe and splendid residence for the imperial court. The names of several towns are given by historians as having suggested themselves to Constantine. First was his own birthplace—Naissus (Nisch) on the Morava, in the heart of the Balkan Peninsula; but Naissus had little to recommend it: it was too close to the frontier and too far from the sea. Sardica—the modern Sofia in Bulgaria—was liable to the same objections, and had not the sole advantage of Naissus, that of being connected in sentiment with the emperor's early days. Nicomedia on its long gulf at the east end of the Propontis was a more eligible situation in every way, and had already served as an imperial residence. But all that could be urged in favour of Nicomedia applied with double force to Byzantium, and, in addition, Constantine had no wish to choose a city in which his own memory would be eclipsed by that of his predecessor Diocletian, and whose name was associated by the Christians, the class of his subjects whom he had most favoured of late, with the persecutions of Diocletian and Galerius. For Ilium, the last place on which Constantine had cast his mind, nothing could be alleged except its ancient legendary glories, and the fact that the mythologists of Rome had always fabled that their city drew its origin from the exiled Trojans of Æneas. Though close to the sea it had no good harbour, and it was just too far from the mouth of the Hellespont to command effectually the exit of the Euxine.

Byzantium, on the other hand, was thoroughly well known to Constantine. For months his camp had been pitched beneath its walls; he must have known accurately every inch of its environs, and none of its military advantages can have missed his eye. Nothing, then, could have been more natural than his selection of the old Megarian city for his new capital. Yet the Roman world was startled at the first news of his choice; Byzantium had been so long known merely as a great port of call for the Euxine trade, and as a first-class provincial fortress, that it was hard to conceive of it as a destined seat of empire.

When once Constantine had determined to make Byzantium his capital, in preference to any other place in the Balkan lands, his measures were taken with his usual energy and thoroughness. The limits

of the new city were at once marked out by solemn processions in the old Roman style. In later ages a picturesque legend was told to account for the magnificent scale on which it was planned. The emperor, we read, marched out on foot, followed by all his court, and traced with his spear the line where the new fortifications were to be drawn. As he paced on further and further westward along the shore of the Golden Horn, till he was more than two miles away from his starting-point, the gate of old Byzantium, his attendants grew more and more surprised at the vastness of his scheme. At last they ventured to observe that he had already exceeded the most ample limits that an imperial city could require. But Constantine turned to rebuke them: "I shall go on," he said, "until He, the invisible guide who marches before me, thinks fit to stop." Guided by his mysterious presentiment of greatness, the emperor advanced till he was three miles from the eastern angle of Byzantium, and only turned his steps when he had included in his boundary line all the seven hills which are embraced in the peninsula between the Propontis and the Golden Horn.

The new Rome thus founded was destined for more than a thousand years to be the seat of Empire of the descendants of Constantine, or more properly speaking, of those who by descent, by marriage, by intrigue, or by revolutionary movement, succeeded to his Empire of the East. Among these were some noble names as those of Heraclius, and of Leo the Isaurian, to whom scant justice is done by the historians who repeat that facile sneer at the Greeks of the lower Empire, of which the late Mr. Freeman so bitterly complained. Still, at the same time, it must be admitted that among them also were many ignoble names which afford no small justification for that sneer. But we must, on this subject, allow Mr. Oman to speak for himself in the following eloquent passage, when, after quoting the ordinary view of Byzantine life, most effectively summed up in Mr. Lecky's History in *European Morals*, he arrives himself at a very different conclusion as to the characteristics of the East Romans and their civilisation:—

It is only fair to acknowledge that they had their faults: what else could be expected when we know that the foundations of the Eastern Empire were laid upon the Oriental provinces of the old Roman world, among races that had long been stigmatised by their masters as hopelessly effete and corrupt—Syrians, Egyptians, and Hellenised Asiatics, whom even the degenerate Romans of the third century had been wont to despise. The Byzantine Empire displayed from its very cradle a taint of weakness derived from this Oriental origin. It showed features particularly obnoxious to the modern mind of the nineteenth century—such as the practice of a degrading and grovelling court etiquette, full of prostrations and genuflexions, the introduction of eunuchs and slaves into high offices of State, the wholesale and deliberate use of treachery and lying in matters of diplomacy.

But remembering its origins we shall, on the whole, wonder at the good points in Byzantine civilisation rather than at its faults. It may fairly be said that Christianity raised the Roman East to a better moral position than it had known for a thousand years. With all their faults the monks and hermits of the fifth century are a good substitute for the priests of Cybele and Mithras of the second. It was something that the Government and the public opinion of the day had concurred to sweep away the orgies of Daphne and Canopus. Church and State united in the reign of Justinian to punish with spiritual and bodily death the unnatural crimes which had been the open practice of emperors themselves in the first centuries of the empire.

The vices of which the East Romans have most commonly been accused are cowardice, frivolity, and treachery. On each of these points they have been grossly wronged. Cowardice was certainly not the chief characteristic of the centuries that produced emperors like Theodosius I. and Heraclius, prelates like Athanasius and Chrysostom, public servants like Belisarius and Priscus. It is not for cowardice that we note the Byzantine populace which routed Gainas and his mercenaries, and raised the *Nika* sedition, but for turbulence. If military virtue was wanting to the East-Roman armies, how came the Ostrogoth and Vandal to be conquered, the Persian and the Hun to be driven off, how, above all, was the desperate struggle against the fanatical Saracen protracted for 400 years, till at last the Caliphate broke up?

Frivolity and luxury are an accusation easy to bring against any age. Every moralist, from Jeremiah to Juvenal, and from Juvenal to Mr. Ruskin, has believed his own generation to be the most obnoxious and contemptible in the world's history. We have numerous tirades against the manners of Constantinople preserved in Byzantine literature, and may judge from them something of the faults of the time. It would seem that there was much of the sort of luxury to which ascetic preachers take exception—much splendour of raiment, much ostentatious display of plate and furniture, of horses and chariots. Luxury and evil living often go together, but when we examine all the enormities laid to the charge of the Byzantines, there is less alleged than we might expect. When Chrysostom raged against the contemporaries of Arcadius, his anathemas fell on such crimes as the use of cosmetics and dyes by fashionable dames, on the gambling propensities of their husbandes, on the immoral tendencies of the theatre, on the drunken orgies at popular festivals—accusations to which any age—our own included—might plead guilty. The races of the Circus played a disproportionate part in social life, and attracted the enthusiastic attention of thousands of votaries; but it is surely hard that our own age, with all its sporting and athletic interests, should cast a stone at the sixth century. We have not to look far around us to discover classes for whom horse-racing still presents an inexplicable attraction. When we remember that the Constantinopolitans were excitable Orientals, and had no other form of sport to distract their attention from the Circus, we can easily realise the genesis of the famous riots of the Blues and Greens.

After disposing of the charges of cowardice and light morals, he thus deals with the charge of treachery, which is popularly cited as the most prominent vice of the Eastern Empire:—

There have been other states and epochs more given to plots and revolts, but it is still true that there was too much intrigue at Constantinople. The reason is not far to seek: the "*carrière ouverte aux talents*" practically existed there, and the army and the civil service were full of poor, able and ambitious men of all races and classes mixed together. The converted Goth or the renegade Persian, the half-civilised mountaineer from Isauria, the Copt and Syrian and Armenian were all welcomed in the Army or civil service, if only they had ability. Both the bureaucracy and the army therefore had elements which lacked patriotism, conscience, and stability, and were prone to seek advancement either by intrigue or military revolt. This being granted, it is perhaps astonishing to have to record that between 350 and 600 the empire never once saw its legitimate ruler dethroned, either by palace intrigue or military revolt. The fact that all the plots—and there were many in the period—failed hopelessly, is, on the whole, a proof that if there was much treachery there was much loyalty among the East Romans. There have certainly been periods in more recent times which show a much worse record. A single instance may suffice—Mediæval Italy from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century could produce far more shocking examples of conscienceless and unjustifiable plotting than the Byzantine Empire in the whole thousand years of its existence.

At the same time it must be admitted that the narrative itself hardly bears out, as a whole, the more favourable view of the narrator as regards the general average of the Emperors, the majority of whom, it must be confessed, partook far more of the Græculus esuriens than of the Μεγαλοψυχος. But the author makes a good point in their defence when he reminds us of our own more recent experiences of the force and fury of an army of Mahometan fanatics, as at Tamasi and Abu Klea. Nor must we omit to notice favourably the judgment which he passes on Mahomet himself, of whom so many writers of the present day are apt to speak in such terms of extravagant eulogy. Mr. Oman well describes him as "that strangest of moral "enigmas, prophet and seer, fanatic and impostor," whose success was due to "an extraordinary mixture of genuine enthusiasm and vulgar cunning, of self-deception and deliberate imposture, of benevolence and cruelty, of austerity and license."

To turn back, however, as we are bound to do, from Mahomet to the Eastern Emperors, who had to bear the brunt of the onslaught of his successors in Europe, the very feebleness and shortcomings of the majority of them, only made the brilliant exceptions stand out all the more brilliantly by comparison. So without pausing to dwell upon the other exceptions, we may quote in conclusion the striking passage in which Mr. Oman tells the tragic story of the fall of Constantinople and of the fate of the last Constantine, who certainly by his heroic deeds did much to atone for the shortcomings of his predecessors, and showed how "a Greek of the Lower Empire" could die:—

The storm was obviously at hand, and the doomed Emperor was obliged to face his fate. Greek historians dwelt with loving sorrow on the last hours of the unfortunate prince. He left the breach at midnight, partook of the sacrament according to the Latin rite in St. Sophia, and snatched a few hours of troubled sleep in his half-ruined palace. Next morning, with the dawn, he rose to ride back to the post of danger. His ministers and attendants crowded round his horse as he started on what all knew to be his last journey. Looking steadfastly on them he prayed one and all to pardon him for any offence that he might wittingly or unwittingly have committed against any man. The crowd answered with sobs and wails, and with the sounds of woe ringing in his ears Constantine rode slowly off to meet his death.

The assault commenced at dawn; three main attacks and several secondary ones were directed against weak spots in the wall. But the chief stress was on the great breach by the gate of St. Romanus. There the Emperor himself and Giustiniani at his side stood in the midst of the yawning gap with their best men around them, and opposed a barrier of steel to the oncoming assailants. Twelve thousand Janissaries, sabre in hand, formed successive columns of attack; as soon as one was beaten off another delivered its assault. They fell by hundreds before the swords of the mailed men in the breach, for their felt caps and unarmoured bodies were easy marks for the poderous weapons of the fifteenth century. But the ranks of the defenders grew thin and weary; Giustiniani was wounded in the face by an arrow, and taken on board his gallery to die. Constantine at last stood almost alone in the breach, and a forlorn hope of Janissaries headed by one Hassan of Ulubad, whom Turkish chroniclers delight to honour, at last forced their way over the wall. The Emperor and his companions were trodden under foot, and the victorious army rushed into the desolate streets of Constantinople, seeking in vain for foes to fight. The Greeks, half expecting that God would interfere to save the queen of Christian cities by a miracle, had crowded into the churches, and were passing the fatal hour in frantic prayer! The shouts of the victorious enemy soon showed them how the day had gone, and the worshippers were dragged out in crowds, to be claimed as slaves and divided among the conquerors.

Mohammed II. rode through the breach after his men, and descended into the city, scanning from within the streets that so many Eastern conquerors had in vaid desired to see. He bade his men search for the Emperor, and the corpse of Constantine was found at last beneath a heap of slain, so gashed and mauled that it was only identified by the golden eagles on his mail shoes. The Turk struck off his head, and sent it round their chief cities as a token of triumph. Riding through the hippodrome towards St. Sophia, Mohammed noted the Delphic tripod with its three snakes, standing where Constantine the Great had placed it eleven hundred years before. Either because the menacing heads of the serpents provoked him, or merely because he wished to try the strength of his arm, the Sultan rose in his stirrups and smote away the jaws of the nearest snake with one blow of his mace. There was something typical in the deed though Mohammed knew it not. He had defaced the monument of the first great victory of the West over the East. He, the successor in spirit not only of Xerxes but of Chosroës and Moaleman and many other Oriental potentate, who had failed where he succeeded, could not better signalise the end of Greek freedom than by dealing a scornful blow at that ancient memorial, erected in the first days of Grecian greatness, to celebrate the turning back of the Persians on the field of Platea.

At last the Sultan came to St. Sopia, where the crowd of waling captives was being divided among his soldiery. He rode in at the eastern door, and bade a mollah ascend the pulpit and repeat there the formula of the Moslem faith. So the cry that God was great and Mohammed his prophet rang through the dome where thirty generations of patriarchs had celebrated the Holy Mysteries, and all Europe and Asia knew the end was come of the longest tale of Empire that Christendom has yet seen.

It will be seen from this passage that Mr. Oman regards the Eastern Empire as carrying on the true descent of that which was won at Actium rather than the re-established Western Empire of the great Karl. However this may be, the capture of Constantinople was a more important event in European history than the resignation of the Western Empire by the Hapsburgs; and though Mr. Freeman always denounced the Turk as a *parvenu* who has only been in Europe some 400 years, still even an international statute of limitation could hardly be pleaded against such a possessory title, and the story of the Byzantine Empire is not altogether fittingly concluded when those who succeeded to the East-Roman empire are excluded from it. For if the possession of Byzantium makes the possessor part of the Byzantine nation, whose story is here told, the irrepressible Turk is as much a Byzantine as the first Constantine, and the story of the Byzantine Empire from this point of view is not even yet brought to a close.

We have only in conclusion to call attention to the very admirable illustrations by a liberal introduction of which the publishers have added so much to the effect of Mr. Oman's very admirable volume. These are very judiciously chosen, and good use has been made of M. Bayet's work, *L'Art Byzantin*, published in Paris in 1883, from which the majority of them are taken.

PERIODICALS.

The May number of the *Magazine of Art* possesses much interest, and the frontispiece is an excellent etching of one of M. Scheyrer's striking pictures of Wallachian life, which favourably disposes us towards the literary contents of the number that opens so attractively. In the opening paper the editor, treating of the Royal Academy of 1892, makes a vigorous assertion of the claims of Black and White to recognition among the ranks of the Forty, and presses specially for the election of Mr. Tenniel, while another great artist of the same type has an article devoted to himself, taking as its text his recent literary venture, *Peter Ibbetson*, from which the illustrations of the article are selected. Yet another and a greater artist than either of the two, Meryon, is also treated of in a short article, which derives its main value from the

reproduction of the striking portrait by Fleming of the gifted etcher, whose merits were recognised all too late for his prosperity, though not for his fame, while, as if to accumulate proofs that colour is a non-essential, we have an engraving of the portrait of Thomas Bewick, which Sir John Millais has contributed to his son's volume of *Some Birds and Shooting Sketches*. We should mention that the magazine, in addition to its advocacy of Mr. Tenniel's claims, contains a powerful appeal on behalf of the overworked critics who suffer from Academy headaches to be allowed yet another day for the press view, of which, by the way, a very amusing account is given by Mr. Spielman, who somewhat roughly withdraws the veil of the anonymous which has hitherto shrouded the art critics of the various newspapers from profane view. We doubt if this complete revelation of the secret—open secret though it may be, possibly, in many cases—is altogether in accordance with the best traditions of journalism. But in the present day we are so accustomed to press revelations that it is perhaps hypercritical to protest against what, but a few years ago, would almost have been denounced as an unwarrantable breach of good taste. Ceiling decoration is the special feature in artistic homes to which attention is this month called, and the second paper on the pictures comprised in the Dixon bequest, now exhibited at Bethnal-green, deals with water colours, of which six charming engravings are given. The newly-introduced feature of the magazine, "Our Illustrated Note-Book," is profusely illustrated, reproducing, as it does, seven of the most recent acquisitions of our National Gallery and two of those of the National Gallery of Scotland, in addition to a portrait of our would-be Art benefactor, Mr. Tait, and of the late Mr. C. J. Lewis, and sketches of the wonderful gold cup of Henry VI., which, it is hoped, may yet be acquired by the nation, of Mr. Ford Madox-Brown's somewhat eccentric fresco for the Manchester Town Hall, and the interesting application of terra-cotta for church purposes in the reredos, which Messrs. Doulton have designed, for St. Clement's Church, Salford.

There is a curious similarity between Mr. Madox Brown's representation of the opening of the Bridgewater Canal to which we have just referred, and the coloured picture of Venice in 1338, which, taken from a manuscript in the Bodleian, forms, as it were, a frontispiece to the new number of Messrs. Macmillan's reissue of *A Short History of the English People*. But what strikes us as affected and awkward in the work of the modern painter does not so appear in the case of the monastic illuminator, who worked according to his lights and did the best he could, so that the quaintness and unreality are genuine and not assumed. The other illustrations of the May number of the reissue are well chosen, and we have again to congratulate the publishers on their judgment in preferring to avail themselves of contemporary sources and contenting themselves with pictures derived from such sources and drawings of the architectural remains of the period under treatment, instead of, as is so often the case with so-called illustrated histories, attempting to give fancy pictures of the historical events recorded. By this judicious method of treatment they have added much to the value and attraction of their reissue of the late Mr. Green's *Short History*, which though, as we have before said, by no means satisfactory as regards ecclesiastical history, is without question a work of much interest and likely from its picturesque and vigorous treatment to maintain the popularity which it acquired on its first issue. That popularity will certainly be increased by the very attractive form in which the present reissue of it is presented, and when completed it will form a most handsome volume, one of the handsomest, indeed, in which the results of historical research have ever been presented to the reader.

St. Nicholas still maintains its high place among periodicals for young people, and the high level of merit attained by the artists employed to illustrate it makes it stand out prominently from among its competitors, none of whom can vie with it in this respect. We do not profess this month to have studied the letterpress so attentively; but, if we may judge from our experience of previous numbers of this excellent periodical for young folks, there is little doubt that it will be found worthy of the illustrations. Certainly the opening paper on "Prehistoric Photography" is irresistibly funny.

The English rival which comes nearest to it in pictorial attraction is Messrs. Cassell's *Little Folks*, to the popularity of which it is hardly necessary again to bear testimony. It is, perhaps, better adapted than *St. Nicholas* to very young readers, though it is somewhat difficult in the present day to classify readers according to their age. If we were consulted by an anxious parent which of the two we should be inclined to recommend him or her to take in for the benefit of the young people, we should be inclined diplomatically to answer "Both," and by so answering we are sure we should increase our popularity with the young people in question. The most important feature in the May number of *Little Folks* is, perhaps, the frontispiece, giving a portrait of Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, who, as the youngest Queen in the world, will have special attraction for the little folks. It also contains, in addition to its usual supply of short stories, poems, and anecdotes—among which we may single out for special notice the very funny Elephant's Birthday Sports, in which the Bicycle Race is perfectly irresistible—further instalments of two serial stories, one by Mrs. Molesworth, whose name is in itself a tower of strength for a juvenile periodical, and one by Mr. Frith, who is not quite so familiar to us.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Second notice.]

We propose to make a few remarks on the pictures more or less in the order of the catalogue, selecting only the most noteworthy.

In gallery I., the first to catch the eye by its brilliant colouring is Mr. Waterhouse's "Circe Poisoning the Sea." The enchantress is resting on the surface of the water, and is pouring the poison out of a glass bowl. Just beneath her feet, writhing, and dimly seen through the water, is the form of Scylla, but just transformed into a monster by the jealous malice of her enemy. The whole thing is extremely weird and impressive, and even the peculiar vividness of the colour seems to convey a suggestion of supernatural conditions. On one side of this centre picture is placed one of Mr. H. Moore's fine sea-pieces. Mr. Moore is not quite at his best this year, and in this instance the composition is a little broken and spotty. As a pendant to this is a wild coast scene, "Sea-worn Rocks," by Mr. Peter Graham. We are glad to see that Lady Butler is again exhibiting, though the present work lacks some of her usual force. Still, it is graphic, and suggests the sufferings of men and of horses in time of war—that which ought never to be forgotten. Mr. Briton Riviere is always interesting: his subjects are original. Two of his smaller efforts are in this room. "The Haunted Temple," an ancient ruined temple at night, perhaps Egyptian, haunted within by a brilliant, unaccountable light, and without in the sandy waste by wild beasts, who exhibit both dread and curiosity with regard to the unusual appearance of the ruins. The other, called "A Master of Kings," Cupid seated on a lion, is not quite satisfactory in execution, and the boy is so small that the lion might be of the size of a hippopotamus. Mr. Frank Bramley's "Memories" is rather commonplace in subject, but this is to be forgiven on account of the beautiful painting and carefully studied composition. It is merely the interior of a cottage with an old man and wife taking tea. A soft white light comes in at the window and the fire warms and lightens the shadows. "Trespassing" is the title of one of Mr. H. W. B. Davis's pictures of cattle in a flowery meadow. The cattle are everything that could be desired, their coats wonderful for texture, and the same may be said of the mares and colts in "Springtime" (Gallery III.), by the same artist; but the setting of sky and meadows has not the usual refinement of his best work. "The Rose Queen," by Mr. G. D. Leslie, is a large canvas with a group of graceful girls, one of whom gives the title. There is an even flatness about their faces which is not pleasant. They want modelling and a more healthy tinge. "Mrs. Arthur Raphael" is a cleverly-painted portrait by Miss Ethel Wright. Mr. Boughton has here a twilight snow scene, called "Home Lights," very pretty. A labouring man, his wife, and child are returning to their cottage, welcomed in advance by the firelight streaming through the window. Other cottages in the distance also contribute small flashes, and it is all very unaffected, whilst the peculiar manner of Mr. Boughton's snow-painting is very suitable to twilight effect. "Miss Angel," by Miss Margaret Dicksee is a well-realised conception, the faces expressive of the circumstance, and careful work in the execution. We also return to notice, rather out of order, Mr. Millet's amusing scene, "Between Two Fires," which is well painted too. It is a Puritan traveller seated at table in an inn parlour. The two fires are two pretty mischievous girls who are "chaffing" him. He, having no humour, of course, is rather puzzled and alarmed, though not altogether displeased. There are also a very pretty delicate little autumn landscape, "The Sunlight Glowing on the Mere," by Mr. Val. Davis, and a large, well-designed, though thinly-painted, battle-piece, by Mr. Vereker M. Hamilton, "The 92nd Gordon Highlanders at Kandahar, Sept. 1st, 1880."

We have a complaint to make. There is much very bad hanging in the exhibition as a whole. In this room there are some remarkable instances. The juxtaposition of Mr. Waterhouse's picture and the two sea-pieces between which it hangs is not very happy. Still there may have been good though mistaken intention here. But what object had the Committee in placing on the line such a specimen as No. 80? A crude landscape painful in colour from the sight of which one shrinks. And again, the "Mowers" hanging next it does not in the the least deserve the line. The curious twisted drapery on the lower limbs, and the still more curious anatomy inside it are quite unworthy of Mr. G. Clausen, who has in the next gallery a beautifully-painted three-quarter length of a little girl rightly placed on the line. We cannot but think, on the other hand, from what we have observed of Mr. Bourdillon's work, that his "Aboard the *Revenge*, 1591," would have borne to be seen closely. At present it is quite invisible, except that one can just make out that much thought and labour has been spent upon it. There is also at least one portrait in the room which did not deserve to be skied, that of Mrs. Arnold Jenkins, by Mr. Thos. Benham, whilst the "Pastoral," by Mr. J. De Costa, should not have been allowed to fill up the space on the walls which it claims, as there is nothing in it which could not much more appropriately have been represented on a canvas of a few inches space.

We turn to Gallery II. "A Day of Mortification" (that is to say, Sunday, and for dogs who want to go to church) is a capital subject for a real sympathiser with dogs. But the opportunity is lost by Mr. Riviere, the dogs being most absurd and unnatural. Mr. Pettie's "Bonnie Prince Charlie" is noble of face and figure, but the arrangement is theatrical and suggests lime-light. The very brilliant draperies of "Leila," by Mr. Frank Dicksee, catch the eye, but are not unpleasant, whilst the fine painting of the face, feet, and hands is remarkable. We pass on to a rather self-asserting landscape, by Mr. Alfred East. It has good points, but comes too near in subject and arrangement to Mr. D. Murray's work, and will not bear the comparison. "The City of Dis" (Dante's Inferno) is a very remarkable picture by Mr. Albert Goodwin. It is both beautiful and fearful, and well illustrates the subject. The only fault we can find with it is in the foreground figures which are regular stage demons.

"And the Sea gave up the Dead which were in it." This subject is impossible to realise, and thus Sir Frederic Leighton's attempt could not be other than cold and conventional. Though it is distinctly fine in its grouping it is still repulsive—the dead remain dead though the sea has given them up. Sir Frederic's other picture in this room, "At the Fountain," is of a girl absolutely devoid of expression, and with regard to the figure it may be said that the way the arms are attached to the shoulders is not properly accounted for. "June in the Austrian Tyrol," by Mr. J. MacWhirter, is not his best work here, though it is the largest. We understand it has been bought by the Chantry Fund. Next come two charmingly unaffected portraits by Mr. Ouless of Sir Donald Currie, M.P., K.C., M.G., and of Lady Currie. Then one of the loveliest things in the exhibition, very simple, too (with the simplicity of high art), a small landscape by Mr. Lionel Smythe. We have elsewhere remarked on this artist's fine qualities, and need not revert to them. Of "Halcyon Weather, by Sir J. E. Millais, we had rather say nothing, and as for "Stranded," Mr. Dicksee's diploma work, it is, as all diploma works not very interesting. There is a nice landscape, "St. Ives," by Mr. Stuart Lloyd, which might with advantage have been hung lower, and, on the other hand, there are many things in this room which did not deserve placing at all. Some are on the line, notably a miserable though uninteresting death scene by Mr. Henry Moeler. Why should such scenes be painted at all, and why hung! There is no beauty in this specimen of any kind to excuse it. Another objectionable

instance is "Lawn Tennis Club," by F. A. Bridgeman. Thoroughly vulgar in conception and unpleasant in colour, it is to be hoped it will not survive to be handed to posterity as a true representation of their forefathers and mothers. The fact is, this artist's works are absurdly well treated in this country—perhaps from a hospitable feeling. His drawing of figures is weak and amateurish at all times, and his other artistic qualities are certainly not conspicuous.

Gallery III. We miss from this and other Galleries all signs of Mr. Sergeant's work with a feeling of great relief. Why his pictures, false, ugly and vulgar, should have been authoritatively forced upon the British public for so long it is hard to understand. Perhaps our respite is short, but it is pleasant. We gladly miss also the numerous works of Mr. G. Richmond from these walls. These (for the most part) pegs on which to hang pretty æsthetic designs for dresses are more suitable to the level of the New Gallery.

Mr. Watts's "She shall be called Woman" is difficult to see where it is placed, and is, we are told, not finished, so we had rather not hazard observations upon it. One great picture of the year hangs at the end of this room, Mr. Orchardson's "St. Helena, 1816: Napoleon dictating to Count Las Casas the account of his campaigns." This picture should be regarded from a little distance. It has no dark shadows, no staring contrasts of colour, its tones approach and shade into each other, yet the figures stand out well and solidly, and all the accessories contribute to this effect and to fixing the eye specially on the principal figure. This is simple and impressive. "The River Road," by Mr. D. Murray, worthily finds place near the last mentioned, where the excellent position shows to full advantage its lovely refinement. We step down a little in the matter of refinement of execution in passing to Mr. Gow's "Flag Maidens at Taunton;" but this is, nevertheless, a most interesting work. We do not like Mr. A. Parsons's orchard scene in spring. It is dull and coarse. "The Priest's Birthday," by Mr. J. B. Burgess, next claims notice, and Mr. Marcus Stone's "Two's Company, Three's None"—a pair of very vacant-looking lovers in a garden, from whom and no wonder, a girl in the distance keeps apart. "The Garden of the Hesperides" is Sir F. Leighton's chief work, and is in many respects beautiful. It is rich in colour, and is grouped in fine lines. Sir J. E. Millais's "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," is a snow scene, unpretending and partly truthful, but not exactly his best work. A woman seated in the foreground with her child hardly sheltered under her shawl, whilst a man walks away into the distance, seems to illustrate the title. "The Ultimatum," by Mr. Pettie, is an example of fine armour-painting, and the man in the armour is, as is befitting, of a large rough type. "Sunshine and Shower" is the appropriate title of one of Mr. Peter Graham's highland scenes, with cattle in the foreground and rays of luminous mist which he so well knows how to paint. We do not think that the portrait of Mr. A. Waterhouse, R.A., is at all worthy of Mr. Alma Tadema. Still less so is another portrait by him in gallery IV. The hands are fine, but the heads are as if cut out of some hard substance—not flesh and blood.

Crossing the room we reach a not very important picture by Mr. E. Waterlow. He is not quite himself this year. There is none of the bright clear atmosphere. "The Fairy Queen," by Miss B. Jenkins, a beautiful little harmony of colour, is cruelly "skied." Below it on the line is the Jubilee procession painted for the Queen by Mr. John Charlton. It is very interesting, and would have been more so but for that smoothness of style which seems to wait on all Royal pictures. "Dead Hector" is Mr. Briton Riviere's best work. The body of Hector, though cast out, is protected by Venus from the wolves which prowl round. The portrait of Mrs. Herbert S. Leon, by Mr. Luke Fildes, has a beautiful head, though the hands are not as Mr. Fildes can paint hands when he is so minded. Then come a group of fine pictures. Two lovely seascapes by Mr. J. C. Hook, painted as only he can paint. Note the beautiful harmony of the green headlands and the bluer green sea. A contribution by M. Bouguereau called "Distraction"; a large landscape by Mr. Yeend King, which would have borne closer inspection. "The Little Speedwell's Darling Blue," the portrait of a charming tiny girl; "Bacchante," by Sir F. Leighton; "A Kiss," by Mr. Alma Tadema. A lady and little girl have been among the bathers to be seen in the background. As they ascend the marble steps they are met by a lady who stoops to kiss the child. As usual, this picture is painted with the utmost care and detail and is altogether pleasing, the colour lovely. After passing a tapestry coloured composition by Sir John Gilbert of an ancient Venetian subject, we come to Mr. Poynter's "When the World was Young." This is harmonious, with a play of beautiful half lights and tones; but we ought to criticise the drawing of some of the limbs—for instance, part of the leg and foot of the lady seated to the left of the spectator is much too small.

There are a few portraits in this room to be noted: "Lord Kelvin," by Mr. Hubert Herkomer; "J. D. Goodman, Esq.," by Mr. Ouless; and "Miss Julia Neilson," by the Hon. John Collier.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

Some important members and associates of this Society have abstained from contributing to the present exhibition, and others are but slightly represented. On the other hand, some works by new associates are of great interest, and conspicuous amongst these are the two by Mr. Lionel Smythe. The society is to be congratulated on his election. He has the finest appreciation of beauty in colour; so much so that he seems to grudge putting shadow into his pictures, and so produces a want of force in the foregrounds. Yet we are inclined to give in to him on the point, so lovely is the harmony of bright colour in his work. He has also another fine quality—such freedom of drawing in his figures that they all assume the most natural and unaffected attitudes (even ducks) and almost seem to be moving. Mr. Robert Little contributes mostly architectural subjects, simple and unpretending as to colour. He has also a small but noticeable drawing of a girl in a warm red dress, seated on the floor by the fire, called "Firelight and Twilight."

Amongst the members Mr. Carl Haag has one of his elaborate drawings of Eastern architecture, people, and animals—"A Bridal Procession at Damascus;" Mr. R. Beavis, a large and important drawing of the coast of Brittany on a stormy day, including a group of figures; Mr. E. F. Brewtnall, a splendid study of a sunset sky above the sea-shore; and a subject-picture, illustrating the words—"The village seems asleep or dead, now Lubin is away." A lady sits dreaming on an old garden wall, with her dog, and there is a pretty background of flowering trees and evening light. Mr. Alfred D. Fripp sends two beautiful drawings of the Dorsetshire coast, and Mr. G. A. Fripp many quiet bits from England, Wales, and Scotland. Mr. Albert Goodwin is, as usual, serious and poetic. We do not much like the colour of his "Night, faithful unto death," the two Marys "sitting over against the sepulchre," but it is suggestive. The "Salisbury Close" as seen on a summer's night is very lovely, with glimpses of a limpid blue sky between overhanging trees.

Mr. Alfred Hunt contributes but one drawing. It is of Grasse seen from a height and softened by mist. Mr. A. Mathew Hale's drawing of a simple bit of moorland under an evening sky, across which the wind is carrying soft, gold-tinged grey clouds, is fascinating, and akin to the work of the two last-mentioned artists. Mr. Tom Lloyd's two pictures are such as we have seen before, and not equal to those in the past winter exhibition. Mr. H. Marshall's contributions are also, as usual; but this artist of equable temperament always sends work of the best quality, and such are the London scenes of the Thames embankment on a winter evening, and the Mansion House at twilight—the latter full of a bustling crowd of men and vehicles characteristic of London. The "Cologne" has rather a heavy sky, but the flow of the rapid river could not be better expressed.

Mr. J. W. North has one picture beautiful for its golden-green autumnal colour under a bright clear sky—"Cupid in the pear-tree." Something seems wanting in the quality of the pear-tree, which its supernatural occupant can hardly account for. Is it, perhaps, a certain mannerism in its execution—a want of cool reflections to break the colour a little? Mr. F. Powell has also but one drawing of "Barges at the mouth of the Thames." It is not large, but exhibits knowledge with reticence. Mr. R. Thorne Waite's style is well known. There are many examples here representing ordinary English scenery. We like best a "Cornfield—Isle of Wight in the distance," in which the eye is carried miles away. Mr. H. Clarence Whaite has several magnificent drawings of his own Welsh mountains.

Amongst the associates Mr. Robert Allan is partly recovering from his "impressionist" seizure. That is to say he is making a more legitimate use of the "impressionist" mode, and does not carry it too far. Of this compromise the best specimen is "The Golden Temple—Amritsar," showing all that a spectator would probably see of the scene under an Eastern sky. It is, moreover, a very fine drawing and of a most interesting subject. We are not converted to the mannerism of the real "impressionist" of the Society—Mr. Arthur Melville. His *silhouette* of an Eastern shepherd as seen against the evening sky is impressive, so far as that in the head of the shepherd he has condescended to some detail; but as to his "Bull-fight" we can only say that the eye which can see but that much even in only one glance cannot be used to much purpose. Moreover, no *picture* is to be made out of one glance, the result of the attempt to do it deserves but one glance from the visitor.

Mr. T. M. Rooke seems bent on showing a variety of subjects. His drawing of figures is good, but not very solid, as is specially seen in his "Corner of Lisieux Market." We prefer his very careful drawings of old street architecture with all the carved details, of which here are several beautiful instances. Mr. J. H. Henshall's "Merry goes the time when the heart is young" is a marvel of patient labour. The depth and solidity of its quality and the different textures represented are worth careful notice. It is, moreover, not marred by dirty and disagreeable shadows, and, though it still lacks something of beauty, it is an immense advance on former work.

It only remains to mention one fresh and breezy sea-scape by Mr. C. Napier Hemy; two interesting little bits of old building and old-fashioned garden by Mr. D. Murray; and a pleasant country scene by Mr. E. A. Waterlow—"Under the Cherry Tree."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ACROSTIC RULES.

A Prize of One Guinea is given every month for the successful solution of the Acrostics appearing in the *John Bull*.

The present monthly competition will include the Acrostics that are given on May 7, 14, 21, and 28.

At the end of the month, in case competitors tie, they will proceed to guess off the ties, being debarred from prize-winning in the fresh monthly competition so long as they are engaged in contesting the ties.

No competitor can gain more than two Monthly Prizes in the course of the year.

All solutions must be forwarded not later than the Monday week following the appearance of the Acrostic addressed to the ACROSTIC EDITOR of the *John Bull*, 6, Whitefriars-street, Fleet-street, E.C., and signed by a pseudonym of not inordinate length.

Alternatives to the number of three are allowed.

All solutions received are acknowledged, whether correct or not.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 4.

(APRIL, 1892.)

1. C	REBU	S
2. O	RATORI	O
3. M	AMMO	N
4. I	DLIN	G
5. C	ALAI	S

Solutions have been received from E. V. P., Beezlewax, Elle, Beam, Erica, Two Countesses, White Hat, The Griffin, Robin, R. A. F., Etak, Iden, Chameleon, Noryb, Trevalga, Dunston, and Via.

MARCH TIES.—Correct solutions have been received from Molly, Sociable, Chelmsford, Hadji, Grasmere, Remlaw, and Ancient Briton who remain competing.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 1.

(MAY, 1892.)

PROEM.

May help you on your onward way.
Or else your forward progress stay.

1.

To the criminal this the jail may ensure.

2.

Of their piteous fate in history you read.

3.

A wandering life is wont to lead.

5.

A potentate who holds sway no more.

JOHN BULL.

LONDON, MAY 7.

In the course of a speech just delivered at Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain made some striking remarks on the attitude of Ulster in regard to Home Rule. He said:—"The people of Ulster, I think, have been rather lax, considering the interests at stake. They have hitherto left this fight to their fellow-Unionists in Great Britain. But at last they have stirred from their apathy, and it appears that at Whitsuntide a great convention will be held, which will be attended, as I am assured, by tens, it may be by hundreds of thousands of Ulster men. This convention is called to consider resolutions which have already been agreed upon by a representative conference. What are those resolutions? They declare that Ulster is as loyal now as ever to the British Crown and to the British Parliament. But it denies—and I think it is justified morally and constitutionally in the denial—that the British Parliament or any other authority has the right to transfer the allegiance of Ulster without its consent to any other authority. The resolutions go on to say that if, in spite of their protests and their continued opposition, Parliament should decide to create a Parliament in Dublin, then the Ulster people will have no part in that assembly, they will not send their representatives to it, they will not not notice or obey its decrease, and they will not pay the taxes which it levies. That will be an important declaration if these resolutions are accepted, and nobody seems to have the slightest doubt that they will be unanimously welcomed as the expression of the people of Ulster. If those resolutions are accepted by the convention, they will constitute the most important step which has yet been made throughout the whole course of the Home Rule controversy, and, mark that, will make Home Rule absolutely impossible. It is quite true that Sir William Harcourt is prepared to disregard this expression of opinion. He is prepared to shut his eyes to all that is unpleasant and to all that is in opposition to his policy; and, pursuing his usual course of covering any fears he may entertain with an appearance of bluster, he says, 'Let Ulster protest; the police shall tell them to move on.' Now is it not a curious and a strange thing that these Gladstonians who are so ready to denounce us for coercing the disloyal in Ireland—for coercing the men who have established the Plan of Campaign, for coercing the boycotters, the outrage-mongers, and the assassins—is it not strange and curious that they appear to be absolutely eager to coerce the loyal Protestants of the Ulster province? Let them try. It is all an empty boast. There does not reside in all the British Nationalist party power enough to coerce the Protestants of Ireland. They say they will not pay taxes. We have had in our English—ay, and in our Irish—political history some experience of movements which have rested on a similar foundation, and they have invariably been successful with a cause that moves men sufficiently to induce them to this form of passive resistance. Then no power has yet been found to compel them to take a course which has appeared to them to be unjust and inequitable. In Ireland there is the case of the tithe war, when the Irish tenants refused to pay tithes to the Protestant Church. What was the result? The result was legislation and commutation of the tithe. It was impossible to collect the tithe against the opposition of a practically united people. We have had something a little similar in England when, here and there, a few individuals, mostly belonging to the Society of Friends, refused to pay church rates. They did not rise in arms; nobody ever saw a Quaker in arms. But although the Quakers stood almost alone in their resistance, although they were perhaps only a few hundreds or a few thousands, so great was the scandal caused by this form of passive resistance that in comparatively a few years the grievance was removed and church rates were abolished. There was another case, a more striking case, when a simple citizen, who is known to history as John Hampden, refused to pay ship money. His refusal to pay ship money was followed by circumstances and conditions which led to the Civil War and which caused a King of England to lose his crown and to lose his head. Lastly, come down to a time which is within the memory, probably, of some of those whom I am addressing—the time of the great Reform Bill of 1832. Then the men of Birmingham and the Reformers throughout the country declared that they would not be taxed until the Reform Bill had been passed; and, mark, their refusal at that time was supported and encouraged by the whole strength of the Liberal and Radical party. I have read that in Birmingham the shop windows and the windows of the houses showed placards saying 'No taxes paid here until the Reform Bill has passed the Lords;' and the effect of that resistance to taxation under circumstances which the people, the great majority of the people, held to be unjust was that the Bill did pass the Lords and that the vote was conceded to the hundreds and thousands at least who had previously been excluded from all share in the representation. That has been historical experience, and it is this experience which gives importance to the declaration of the people of Ulster. I venture to say, in spite of Sir William Harcourt, that if the people of Ulster are in earnest—and I have no doubt whatever myself upon that point—it will be absolutely impossible for any Irish Parliament to coerce them. And we go further, and say that when once the nature of their repugnance to Home Rule is understood the people of Great Britain will not allow them to be coerced."

Mr. Frederick Greenwood, in the *New Review*, urges in view of the present demoralisation of English politics that the only remedy is to form "a New Party out of the very great number of Liberals and Conservatives who have lost all leadership and all effective representation. Let us add one more to the innumerable 'faddist' companionships: our fad being a particular and determined hostility to the traffic in political principle *as* a traffic, and a teetotal resolve to vote for no man and no faction that is ready to subject the body politic to Socialist vivisection. There are those who still insist (it suits the party game so well to do so) that Home Rule is the great question of the time. That it is not. Party rivalries have given us another and a far more momentous one. The great question of the time is whether, the masses having a preponderance of power in the State, and being determined to use it for their own particular benefit, these platform heroes of ours shall continue unchecked to buy votes from the poor by flattering a half-formed belief that property. Such notions cannot be encouraged without enormous danger to the whole moral sense of the people; they cannot prevail without ruining the entire community, masses and all; yet the authorised chiefs of parties, with their wretched little spites and prize-ring contentions, are eagerly bidding for favour by embodying property-is-robbery ideas in legislation. How far are they to be allowed to go on with the business unhindered? *That* is the great question of the hour. It is a question which all sound Liberals and Conservatives should take to heart immediately; and since their leaders have deserted them for the business aforesaid, they cannot do better than make opposition to such fatal tactics the first, second, and third article of their political creed—determining their votes by it just as the Temperance man will have a Local Option representative or none. It is no trifling matter. Home Rule has not a tithe of its importance. It immediately touches the morality, the prosperity, the social peace of the three kingdoms.

"But though the sobriety and commonsense of the country may find no leadership for a time, they are not powerless. They, too, have votes; and their votes would take extraordinary value were it understood that they might be used without regard to the cajolery that whispers, 'But unless you vote for us, who never proposed to adulterate law and justice by more than 40 per. cent., you will let in those others who are pledged to as much as 70.' Indeed, it is time to confront that argument with a little courageous honesty. It has served political cowardice and dishonesty long enough; and, obviously, as long as it prevails, as long as party leaders can hug themselves in a chuckling confidence that, 'after all,' their followers will not turn them out to bring their opponents in, there can be no restraint upon a traffic in principles that has been carried much too far already. Votes are votes; and if only our managers and wirepullers can be made to understand that they cannot sell us and have our suffrages too, there will be less bargaining and more loyalty. Unless they are made to understand it in one way or another, we who are Liberals of the sound old faith, or sober Conservatives of the kindlier sort, may resign all hope of regaining our lost influence in the conduct of affairs. It may be restored, indeed, when reaction follows upon enormous ill, but not till the mischief has entered at every man's door. No body of opinion in the State has a greater right of self-assertion than another; and we are not a handful, but, taken altogether and in all classes, a vast proportion of the people. We should now assert ourselves for what we are—a distinct, though leaderless, party; and do our best to remedy the fact that we have no representative either where Mr. Gladstone leads on the one hand, or Mr. Chamberlain luxuriates on the other.

"No doubt the name 'Tory' has been claimed or the Cabinet more than once of late, and, in all likelihood, parade of the name will become frequent as the time for the general election draws nigh. But the so-called 'Liberal' Unionists protest against that description as erroneous, and as unfair to themselves; and they are right. If the Government went to work, I do not say on Conservative principles, but on the lines of a steady, generous Liberalism, we of the Left Centre would still have a voice in affairs; but it does nothing of the kind. Mr. Chamberlain has told us the truth in that matter over and over again, and in the most public and emphatic manner. Call it what you like, he says, it is in every act and deed a Radical Government; an advanced Radical Government; and of course it is Mr. Chamberlain's business to make it more so. Day by day he is drawing the members of that Government into positions so compromising that their poor Toryism, their poor Liberalism, their poor principles of wisdom and moderation, will be utterly paralysed by the time they are driven to the Opposition benches, which (spite of his judicious coaching of the Government) he thinks their immediate destination. But whether they are doomed to sit there in the dumfounded condition of disputants who can be met at every turn with 'you have conceded the principle,' or whether they be retained in office on what will be called the strength of Mr. Chamberlain's following, our case will be unaltered. The Conservative forces of the country, all that is needed to repel revolutionary invasion at a time when anarchy sails boldly up in the wake of its pilot the new Radicalism, will remain leaderless and effortless. That at any rate will be their condition unless they assert themselves, shake themselves free of cajolery and betrayal, and go to work as a separate, independent, resolute party."

Colonel Maurice, of the Staff College, in the course of a lecture delivered at the Royal United Service Institution dwelt on the present military position in Europe. He remarked:—"France had her great frontier girdle of fortresses, her *forts d'arrêt*, closing every road except at the two gaps which she designedly left open to admit an enemy in order to that she might have him at her mercy; her great scheme of intrenched camps; and, behind all, Paris, the greatest fortress of the world. On the other hand, Germany's meaning was obvious in studying her military map. It was active and rapid accumulation of troops by rail, pivoting on two great fortresses, with a river in rear of them, the possession and passage of which she guarded by very numerous fortified bridges. In rear of the great river were placed a few great fortresses, almost all of them fortified camps, placed at her favourite point—the meeting of two great rivers—so that an enemy who attempted to attack them was divided into three separate sections. Her system against Russia was the same in principle, but the country was very different, and it was interesting to see how Germany had dealt with the new geographical conditions. Here she sought two great ad-

vantages—to gain time for active strategic movements and to keep an already slower enemy hampered by endless delays. The great system of ortresses by which Russia held Poland presented characteristics essentially determined by the military geography of the region, which were entirely unlike those of either France or Germany.

"The geographical character of Austria was again in many respects very distinct from that of any of the other countries he had mentioned, and it was essentially the geographical position which was at once her danger and her strength. There could be no doubt that the broad outlines of what she designed in view of future war might here, as elsewhere, be traced in what she had done. This frontier presented peculiarities, both in its military geography and in the strategical methods which were determined by it, essentially different from those of any of the other nations referred to. Italy, like Germany, to the west had as her land frontier a great mountain barrier. But the snow-clad Alps were a mountain frontier of a very different character from the Vosges. Even here the student of military geography would find a new example worthy of altogether independent study in point of principle from any of the rest. Italy possessed a seaboard of such an enormous extent in proportion to her territory that for her the important frontier was less her great mountain barrier than her coast. All her statesmen and her soldiers, at least as much as her sailors, felt that it was the seaboard of Italy which it was all important to defend. Hence the relatively great development of the Italian fleet, hence the anxious desire to maintain those cordial relations with a great naval Power like England.

"There could be no doubt that for us the rise of the Italian power more than any other event of our times had changed the centre of interest of the military geography of the world for Englishmen. For us the sea-washed shores of the outer world must always be our closest points of contact with it. The enormous development of our colonial Empire, due mainly to our dominion over the sea, naturally caused during many years of the present century the attention of Englishmen, and therefore of English soldiers, to be directed toward our own parts of the world almost to the exclusion of Europe. But two events, of which the rise of Italy was the first, and the approach of a great European Power towards the frontier of India was the second, had changed all that for those who had carefully studied the present signs of the times. Russia was now so near to us in India that we could hardly any longer regard ourselves as having the sea as our sole important frontier, at least as long as we considered, as most Englishmen did, that the defence of the Indian frontier was an essential part of the defence of England; secondly, she was still so distant from our Indian Empire that it was extremely difficult for us, without great military risk and without handing over to her many of the advantages which the geographical situation at present possessed for us, to forbid her approach in a most dangerous manner step by step towards our frontier. Therefore it was that it became exceedingly important to us to inquire whether there might not be geographical conditions in Europe which tended to redress the balance in Asia. He certainly thought that there were. The rise of the Italian kingdom with its great seaboard frontier was only one of them. The fact that Italy was an essential constituent of an alliance in which two Powers, great as military States and relatively inferior as naval ones, bore the most important parts made the means by which alone Italy could be made an effective military member of the alliance as important to them as to her. But even more important to them was the essentially seaboard frontier of Denmark, and the extent to which in all movement of troops between Russia and Germany the whole advantage rested with the Power that commanded the Baltic."

In the course of an article on Prince George of Wales in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, the writer observes:—"As a boy he presented in nearly every respect a marked contrast to his elder brother the late Duke of Clarence, who was his senior by just seventeen months. In appearance the one was pale, pensive, retiring, but with a singular grace of manner and deportment that never afterwards forsook him; the other was ruddy of countenance, full of brightness and brusque vivacity. The features of the elder were finely cut, in close resemblance to those of his father at the same early age. Prince George, on the other hand, bore a striking likeness to the Princess of Wales's sister, the Princess Dagmar, the present Empress of Russia, not only in the general form and and cast of countenance, but also in detail of feature and expression.

"For the first eighteen years of his life he was the inseparable companion of his brother; and probably there have rarely, if ever, been two brothers that were more attached to each other than these two. Each seemed to find in the other the complement of his own individual characteristics. There is no doubt that the quick liveliness of Prince George acted as a constant and welcome stimulus both in work and play hours to the more lymphatic temperament of his brother. While that brother's quiet staidness often served as a counterpoise to the younger's impulsive decisiveness. Were they following the hounds together as boys, it was Prince George whose pony had to take the fence or hedge the first, and give Prince Eddy the lead; were they bathing together in the sea, it was Prince George who was the first to leap off the ship or yacht's side into the water, and not till he was swimming around and encouraging his brother to follow him did the elder take the inevitable plunge. In many ways the elder constantly leant upon the younger brother; and the younger reciprocated the confidence with warm-hearted manliness and devotion.

"From his earliest days at sea he has ever been a thoroughly efficient and also a most popular officer, not only with his comrades in the gun-room or the ward-room, but also with all the men over whom he has had command. As a midshipman he was always keen to do all in his power to render the boat's crew or the gun entrusted to his charge the smartest and best-handled in the ship: as a lieutenant he was always alive to all the individual characters of the men of his division. Those who showed themselves neat, steady, smart, and eager to fulfil their duties and get on, he was ever ready to encourage by word and sympathy and helping hand. Because he knows his work thoroughly well, and is himself practically able to do each thing he requires of them, his men have thorough confidence in him, well aware that when need be he never spares himself; and thus when he calls upon them to put forth all their powers, they always cheerfully respond in a way that British blue-jackets alone can do. More than one of his captains has remarked that they never felt so secure, or could turn in with less concern at night, than when Prince George was officer of the watch.

In every single duty that has been hitherto entrusted to him he has acquitted himself with ability, and discharged it zealously and to the satisfaction of all concerned whether superiors or subordinates. Beyond the regulation attendance at public functions, the opening of buildings, laying of foundation stones, and making short speeches at charity dinners, his part for the next few years will be chiefly to "stand by," to observe, to study attentively from every possible point of view, all questions relating to the government and prosperity of these realms, and the social well being of their peoples, in order that he may thereby fit himself to discharge hereafter the office of head of the British Commonwealth. As he will naturally be brought into direct personal contact with all the leading men of each party in the state he will have unique opportunities for so qualifying himself. His acquaintance with all portions of the British Empire is already very wide. India is the only portion of the Queen's territories that he has not yet seen. His experience of men and of human character, both ashore and afloat, has been already very varied, and he has used it well. The undoubted brain power that he possesses is inherited perhaps from the Prince Consort as well as from the Queen of Denmark. He is known to be a great reader, of active habits of mind and body, punctual in the discharge of the smallest appointments, warm and constant in his friendships, endowed with a large share of practical common sense, simple in his tastes, and like his late brother singularly free from any trace of self-esteem or conceit, most considerate for the feelings of others, willing to learn from all, generous and open handed yet careful and frugal on his own account, for his private allowance has up to now been moderate and never large. His fellow countrymen may patiently await and watch the further development of such a character with strong faith and with large hope."

A French journalist gives some interesting particulars with regard to the Order of the Jesuits, which at the present time number 12,947 members. They are divided into five "groups," which are themselves sub-divided into provinces. The Italian group is composed of the provinces of Rome (397), Naples (312), Sicily (247), Turin (453), Venice (355), making a total of 1,764; while in France, where there are 2,863 Jesuits, or more than in any other country, there are the provinces of the Ile de France (886), Lyons (777), Toulouse (762), and Champagne (538). The "German" group comprises the provinces of Germany (1,009), Belgium (935), Austria-Hungary (642), Holland (450), and Galicia (374), making a total of 3,470; while the Spanish group comprises the provinces of Arragon (945), Castile (869), Toledo (428), Portugal (205), and Mexico (123). The seven English provinces are England (585), Maryland (564), Missouri (403), Ireland (267), Canada (240), New Orleans (165), and Zambesi (53), making 2,307 in all, all the above provinces having certain missions in foreign countries. For the election of their general, each province sends two deputies, who, in conjunction with the heads of each group and province (who are styled assistants and provincial), select not only the general, but his *socius*, or admonitor. The general is aided in his administration by a Curia, which is at present composed of thirteen Jesuit priests and ten coadjutors or lay brothers. The last two or three generals have, since Rome became the capital of Italy, and the celebrated Gesu monastery, from which the order founded by Ignatius Loyola derived its name, was taken over by the Government, resided at Fiesole, near Florence.

Mr. Doran-Webb, in a lecture recently delivered at Salisbury, gave a graphic account of some aspects of country life in the olden time, illustrated by the history of Mottisfont. He said that, under the early Norman kings the village was probably much more shut in by the forest than it was at present, and there by the river's side was the house of the Thane or squire of those days, who lived surrounded by his dependants, who were more or less slaves, and over whom his power was almost unlimited. The situation of the village by the side of the river was just such a one as would commend itself to the Saxon settler. Their own country of Wiltshire had been pointed out as presenting the best example of a county settled by the Saxons. Those people planted their villages thick along the water side, leaving the intervening country to take care of itself, and if they were to glance at the map they would at once see that such was the case in Wilts to-day. But a great change was in store for Mottisfont in the reign of King John. That monarch had for one of his staunchest adherents a certain William Briwerr, Brewer, or Briewer (as his name was variously spelt) who accompanied him on most of his marauding expeditions against his own subjects and also in his wars with the French King, receiving as his reward much land in Hants and Wilts, and also the guardianship of a ward under age which was doubtless as profitable than as some folks said it was now. Doubtless Brewer, like most of us, had much to answer for in the course of his life, and as was the custom in his time sought to atone for some of his sins by founding, circa. 1202, on his own land at Mottisfont, a Priory of Austin Canons, obtaining in 1204 a deed of Confirmation from King John of all that he had done. From this deed we learn that besides the ground on which the monastery stood its founder had endowed it with lands in Kadebury, Elendin the churches and tithes of Stokes, and Esseleia [East Leigh?], the latter being the gift of John Brewer, and the churches and tithes of Little Sombourne

and Elyng. In 1246 the prior and convent of Mottisfont were engaged in a dispute with Herbert de Tanech, Rector of Bedwin and Canon of Sarum, respecting the tithes of the manor of Merton, Wilts. De Tanech appealed to Pope Innocent IV., who appointed Adam de Preston, Prior of Cranborne, to try the case, the result of his labours being that an agreement was come to between the opposing parties. We now lost sight of the history of Mottisfont for nearly a hundred years, at the end of which time we found that the priory was fortunate enough to possess in the Cellarer, who was also the steward, a man of great energy. This Cellarer devoted his time to making a survey of the property of his house, and recording it. In this ancient volume was recorded not only the extent of the lands, their rents, &c., but also how they were sown, the names of the tenants, and the various services they had to perform. He would take for instance the parish of Longstock where the Priory owned much land. Here they found lived old Robert Cuppere, whose little holding consisted of twenty-four acres of arable land and half an acre of meadow, for which he paid the not exhorbitant rent of 5s. a year. Robert was, however, a villein, which meant that out of every week he had to work three days for his lord, and he (Robert) could not bestow his son or daughter in marriage without the permission of the Prior or his bailiff. Payments could be made either in money or kind, and at the request of the Prior he had to put in three extra days' work in the year, two of which days' work took place in the harvest time. On those occasions his dinner was given him, which consisted on the first day of wheaten bread and two platters of meat; on the second day of two platters of fish, and on both days he was allowed beer or cider and cheese, with a small money payment at the end of the two days. On the third day he did not fare so well, coming off with oaten bread and water to drink with, as on the two former days, a small payment of money. On St. Martin's day Robert brought his offering to the Prior, namely a cock and two hens, the Prior in his turn entertaining Robert on Christmas Day to dinner, when our friend was limited to two loaves of wheaten bread, two platters of meat, and one gallon of beer or cider. Robert was not allowed to sell his young horses or oxen without the Prior's or his bailiff's leave, who also had the first chance of buying them at a fixed price of 4d. less than the first offer. He also had to cart his landlord's hurdles to different points on the home farm, to collect his fallen timber, wash and shear his sheep, carry his crops to the markets at Winchester, Romsey, Andover, Stockbridge, and Mottisfont. He also turned out to help to manure the fields, and when the time came to assist in the sowing of them, then, too, he was liable at any time to be made reeve or warden. It was true that he then had an allowance made him, but he bound himself to dance attendance on his Lord's court from the 1st of August to the feast of St. Michael. In case of sickness he was allowed to take a fortnight's holiday.

Mr. Doran-Webb proceeded to explain the nature of the villages in which such men as Robert le Cuppere dwelt. The houses, he said, were clustered round the farm yard for mutual protection. There was only one room in each house, which served as a sleeping as well as a living room. In the centre was the fire and raised hearth, the smoke finding its way out through an opening in the roof. The clothing of the inmates was of the scantiest description, consisting of a long leathern garment tied round the waist, and breeches of the same material, a pair of deer-skin boots completing the equipment. Such was rural England in the 14th century. The lecturer then traced step by step the progress of events from this time up tilll the end of the 15th century, when Mottisfont Abbey was threatened with dissolution by Henry VII., who wished, as Tanner tells us, to change it into a collegiate church for a dean and prebendaries, and even went so far as to obtain a bull from Pope Alexander to suppress the house. Nothing, however, came of this, and the old foundation, in spite of other threatenings, continued till the 28th of Henry VIII., when it was dissolved, and the site granted to Lord Sandys, one of that monarch's successful generals, a contemporary of the first Lord Pembroke of the present family. The history of this priory, as of most other simular foundations might be summed up in the three following words, "dedication," "desecration," "demolition." Mr Doran-Webb went on to point out how, as the nation increased in wealth, more attention was paid to the dwelling house, which grew in size from the single room of the fourteenth century until it reached the size and magnificence of the Elizabethan house, many of this date being built in the form of the letter E, in compliment to the Queen. He also alluded to the fact that the change of diet, from the fowl, fish, and vegetables, washed down with French claret, of the days previous to Henry VIII., to the full meat diet and the strong beer and fiery Italian wines of Queen Elizabeth's day had an undoubted effect upon the morals of the people at large, which was seen in the greater number of criminal cases of that time. Two men would quarrel over some trivial matter in a tavern, with the result that from words they would proceed to blows, and one lost his life through some act of violence on the part of the other, who was thereupon seized and hung for the murder. The history of the inhabitants of Mottisfont during the great civil wars was doubtless the same as that of the adjoining county of Wilts, where the bulk of the inhabitants wished to observe a neutral part, not caring which party ruled so long as they were left to pursue their ordinary avocations in peace and quietness. The treatment the Club Men experience at the hands of the Parliamentary party, who little relished such indifference or lukewarmness, was a matter of history. The lecturer then proceeded to describe the present condition of Mottisfont Abbey, as the house built on the site and incorporated with its remains is called. The chief relics of the older building were the spacious undercroft in the Early English style of architecture, similar to the undercroft that at present existed under a portion of the Bishop's Palace in Salisbury.

Mr. Kerry, of Exeter College, delivered the other week at Oxford a lecture on old hymn tunes, of some interest. He said:—"The first hymn mentioned in the annals of Christianity was that sung by the angels at the birth of our Lord, and the second was that sung by our Lord and His Apostles immediately after the Last Supper in the upper room. Some had thought it probable that the tune used was an old Jewish melody, afterwards adapted by Gregory as a chant, and often now used in church and chapel, and sung to the Venite. It was called 'Tonus Peregrinus.' It was in the minor key, as most very old tunes were. In early times anything sung to the praise of God was called a hymn. Afterwards the use of the term became more restricted. Pliny shows that in the year 62 the Christians instituted a custom of meeting together before sunrise to sing hymns of praise. Melody only was used, not harmony, and the tunes employed, doubtless, were, many of them, of a Jewish character. Originally all music of the Christian church was almost entirely vocal, although on one or two occasions they found that flutes were employed. In the third and fourth centuries the Christian religion began to grow largely, and the numbers of its followers, its wealth and position, greatly increased; magnificent churches were built under Constantine, and then it came to pass that choirs were instituted definitely by the Council of Laodicea in 367. The first choirs were instituted not to help the congregation, but to supersede congregational singing. At the Council of Laodicea it was prescribed that only those duly appointed should sing in churches. For two centuries the music of the Church deteriorated. In the sixth century Gregory the Great instituted many reforms, established a music school, and sent trained teachers over Europe, so that the credit of reviving real congregational singing belonged to him. The connection of religion with music was shown by the fact that nearly every great revival of religion had been accompanied by a great outburst of song; but, perhaps, the Society of Friends was an exception to this. Beginning with the Reformation, they must not forget that the form of hymn called chorale had originated in the reformed Church of Germany, and largely from Martin Luther. One of the chorales, called 'Worms,' in their tune books, was said to be composed by Luther on his famous journey. The most popular part in congregational singing was the singing of hymns, and there had been three successive styles in hymn tunes. The first was the diatonic, the second the florid (from 1730 to 1840), and the third the modern style (from 1840 onwards). This modern style was in some respects a return to the old style of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with this distinction, that the harmonies instead of being pure diatonic were more chromatic and less plain."

In a paper recently read before the Geographical Society of Berlin, on the Pontine Marshes and their drainage, Captain von Donat said that these marshes extend in a narrow belt, from one to one and a-half mile broad and five miles long, from Cisterna, at the foot of the Alban Hills, to Terracina, at the southern foot of the Volscian Mountains. The marshes cover an area of about six square miles, but their poisonous exhalations carry death over another sixteen square miles; this large tract of country, unequalled in fertility by any in Europe and capable of supporting half a million persons, is uninhabitable. In the marshes proper at the present time there are living at most thirty persons, who occupy the isolated post stations along the classic Via Appia, which is shaded by four lines of very ancient elms. These persons, with their yellow-grey skin and their complete lack of energy, present a wretched appearance, which is in striking contrast to the luxuriance of the soil, the excellence of the situation, and the charming character of the climate. The surface covering of the soil of the marshes proper consists of a very old, soft, close, and elastic peat, which shrivels up very considerably when the water is quite drained off. It increases in thickness in the direction of the Volscian Mountains, thus—*e.g.*, by the Appian Way it is about 10ft. thick, but at the foot of the mountains it is over 70ft. This peat mass apparently fills up a former arm of the sea, as Homer speaks of Monte Circeo as an island. Under the peat reposes a stratum of clay about a foot thick, containing a quantity of shells, sea-sand, and the remains of plants. The Volscian Mountains exercise an important influence on the Pontine basin. They are composed of limestone much split up, and, having been cleared of timber, they have completely lost their covering of humus, which accounts for the extraordinary variations in the level of the waters of the rivers and brooks which flow down from them. The most important of these streams, the Amaseno, carries down, as a rule, only nine cubic mètres per second, but after heavy rain showers 80. After these heavy downpours the volume of water precipitated into the Pontine plains is immense, and for months some parts remain under 3ft. or so of water. The trenches, which at ordinary times are full of water, are quite insufficient to carry off the great surplusage of water, although in the middle of summer the marshy tract is so far dried up that it can be traversed at all points. If it were not for these tributary streams flowing into it, almost the whole of the Pontine basin would be drained; only about 5,000 acres lie so low that the natural fall of the ground is insufficient to carry off the water. Again, a series of important springs rise at the foot of the Volscian Mountains, which alone contribute one-and-a-half times as much water as might be expected properly to drain from the whole Pontine basin. These springs, in their long subterranean courses, absorb a quantity of gases and mineral substances which have been deposited in thick strata. In the interior of the marsh basin not a single spring has been found which can be traced to the underlying clay stratum. For this reason a system of drainage such as is usual in America, and which consists in piercing the underlying impenetrable strata in order to provide an outlet below for the marsh water, would not be applicable to the Pontine Marshes. Another circumstance which increases the amount of water in the marshes is that the rivers and drainage channels have only a single outlet into the sea, consequently the waters get dammed up and then overflow into the whole plain. The great luxuriance of the water vegetation in the streams serves to block them up." The author, after detailing the various attempts which have been made to drain the marshes, from that of Appius Claudius in B. C. 312 down to those of recent times, proceeded to describe a project for the same purpose.

Mrs. Ritchie, the daughter of Thackeray, has contributed to *Harper's Magazine* some reminiscences of Robert Browning and Mrs. Browning that will be read with much interest. Speaking of Mrs']

Browning, Mrs. Ritchie thus states the personal impression conveyed. She says:—"To the writer's own particular taste there never will be any more delightful person than the simple-minded woman of the world, who has seen enough to know what it is all worth, who is sure enough of her own position to take it for granted, who is interested in the person she is talking to, and unconscious of anything but a wish to give kindness and attention. This is the impression Mrs. Browning made upon me from the first moment I ever saw her to the last. Alas! the moments were not so very many when we were together. Perhaps all the more vivid is the impression of the peaceful home, of the fireside where the logs are burning while the lady of that kind hearth is established in her sofa corner, with her little boy curled up by her side, the door opening and shutting meanwhile to the quick step of the master of the house, to the life of the world without as it came to find her in her quiet nook. The hours seemed to my sister and to me warmer, more full of interest,and peace, in her sitting-room than elsewhere. Whether at Florence, at Rome, at Paris, or in London once more, she seemed to carry her own atmosphere always, something serious, motherly, absolutely artless, and yet impassioned, noble, and sincere. I can recall the slight figure in its black dress, the writing apparatus by the sofa, the tiny inkstand, the quill-nibbed pen—the unpretentious implements of her magic. 'She was a little woman; she liked little things,' Mr. Browning used to say. Her miniature editions of the classics are still carefully preserved, with her name written in each in her delicate, sensitive handwriting, and always with her husband's name above her own, for she dedicated all her books to him; it was a fancy that she had. Nor must his presence in the home be forgotten any more than in the books—a spirited domination and inspired commonsense, which seemed to give a certain life to her vaguer visions. But of these visions Mrs. Browning rarely spoke; she was too simple and practical to indulge in many apostrophes."

In regard to the poet Mrs. Ritchie says:—"When I first remember Mr. Browning he was a comparatively young man—though, for the matter of that, he was always young, as his father had been before him—and he was also happy in this, that the length of his life can best be measured by his work. In those days I had not read one single word of his poetry, but somehow one realised that it was there. Almost the first time I ever really recall Mr. Browning, he and my father and Mrs. Browning were discussing spiritualism in a very human and material fashion, each holding to their own point of view, and my sister and I sat by listening and silent. My father was always immensely interested by the stories thus told, though he certainly did not believe in them. Mrs. Browning believed, and Mr. Browning was always irritated beyond patience by the subject. I can remember her voice, a sort of faint minor chord, as she, lisping the 'r' a little, uttered her remonstrating "Robert!" and his loud dominant barytone sweeping away every possible plea she and my father could make; and then came my father's deliberate notes, which seemed to fall a little sadly—his voice always sounded a little sad—upon the rising waves of the discussion. I think this must have been just before we all went to Rome: it was in the morning, in some foreign city. I can see Mr. and Mrs. Browning, with their faces turned towards the window, and my father with his back to it, and all of us assembled in a little high-up room. Mr. Browning was dressed in a brown rough suit, and his hair was black hair then; and she, as far as I can remember, was, as usual, in soft-falling flounces of black silk, and with her heavy curls drooping, and a thin gold chain hanging round her neck.

"In the winter of 1853-4 we lived in Rome, in the Via della Croce, and the Brownings lived in the Bocca di Leone hard by. The evenings our father dined away from home our old donna (so I think cooks used to be called) would conduct us to our tranquil dissipations, through the dark streets, past the swinging lamps, up and down the black stone staircases; and very frequently we spent an evening with Mrs. Browning in her quiet room, while Mr. Browning was out visiting some of the many friends who were assembled in Rome that year. At ten o'clock came our father's servant to fetch us back, with the huge key of our own somewhat imposing palazzo. It was a happy and an eventful time, all the more eventful and happy to us for the presence of the two kind ladies, Mrs. Browning and Mrs. Sartoris, who befriended us. I can also remember one special evening at Mrs. Sartoris's, when a certain number of people were sitting just before dinner-time in one of those lofty Roman drawing-rooms, which become so delightful when they are inhabited by English people, which look so chill and formal in their natural condition. This saloon was on the first floor, with great windows at the farther end. It was all full of a certain mingled atmosphere of flowers and light, and comfort and colour. It was in contrast but not out of harmony with Mrs. Browning's quiet room—in both places existed the individuality which real home-makers know how to give to their homes. Here swinging lamps were lighted up, beautiful things hung on the walls, the music came and went as it listed, a great piano was drawn out and open, the tables were piled with books and flowers. Mrs. Sartoris, the lady of the shrine, dressed in some flowing, pearly satin tea-gown, was sitting by a round table reading to some other women who had come to see her. She was reading from a book of poems which had lately appeared; and as she read in her wonderful Muse-like way she paused, she re-read the words, and she emphasised the lines, then stopped short, the others exclaiming, half laughing, half protesting. . . . It was a lively, excitable party, outstaying the usual hour of a visit; questioning, puzzling, and discursive—a Browning society of the past—into the midst of which a door opens (and it is this fact which recalls it to my mind), and Mr. Browning himself walks in, and the burst of voices is suddenly reduced to one single voice, that of the hostess, calling him to her side, and asking him to define his meaning. But he evaded the question, began to talk of something else—he never much cared to talk of his own poetry—and the Browning society dispersed.

"Mrs. Sartoris used to describe many pleasant meetings between the Brownings and themselves, and there is one particular festival she used to like to speak of—a certain luncheon at their house, which she always said was one of the most delightful entertainments she could remember in all her life. One wonders whether the guests or the hosts contributed most. Each one had been happy and talked his or her best, and when the Sartorises got up reluctantly to go, saying 'How delightful it had been,' Mr. Browning cried, 'Come back to sup with us, do'; and Mrs. Browning exclaimed, 'Oh, Robert, how can you ask them! There is no supper, nothing but the remains of the pie.' And then, cries Robert Browning, 'Well, come back and finish the pie.'"

Mrs. Ritchie says that she remembers hearing Mr. Browning say, 'It may seem to you strange that such a thing as poetry should be written with regularity at the same hour in every day. But nevertheless I do assure you it is a fact that my wife and I sit down every morning after breakfast to our separate work; she writes in the drawing-room and I write in here,' he said, opening a door into a little back empty room with a window over a court. And then he added, 'I never read a word she writes until I see it all finished and ready for publication.'

She remarks elsewhere:—"Among Browning's many gifts that of delightful story-telling is certainly one which should not be passed over. His memory was very remarkable for certain things; general facts, odds and ends of rhyme and doggerel, bits of recondite knowledge, came back to him spontaneously and with vivacity. This is all to be noticed in his books, which treat of so many quaint facts and theories. His stories were specially delightful, because they were told so appositely, and were so simple and complete in themselves. A doggerel always had a curious fascination for him, and he preferred to quote the very worst poetry in his talks. On one occasion we were dining at Mr. and Mrs. Lehmann's house in Half-Moon Street; it was a cottage of delight rather than a palace, and Millais, turning round, happened to brush off the head of a flower that Browning wore in his button-hole. Concerning the said flower, the poet immediately remembered a story of a city clerk who had considered himself inspired, and had some of his verses printed. One poem began something like this:—

"'I love the gentle primrose
That grows beside the rill;
I love the water-lily,
Narcissus, and jonquil.'

This last word was by mistake printed 'John Quill,' which seemed so appropriate a name, and the clerk got so much chaffed about it, that his poetical inspirations were nipped in the bud, and he printed no more poems."

Archdeacon Denison delivered his Visitation Charge at St. Mary's Church, Taunton, last week. Taking as his subject "The New Criticism," he said he had to speak to them that day under circumstances of special anxiety and distress. "There are not a few things of great concern to the Church upon which I should have been ready to speak, and to take counsel with you. On the other hand, there is one thing, superseding every other, which has filled my heart and mind for the last two years and a half, and has constrained me to put all others aside: so that I have not been able to see my way to give that consideration to the other things referred to, which would have prepared me to give you my judgment upon them, as otherwise I should have been able to do. . . . The subject-matter to which I confine myself to-day here, and at the other places of my Visitation, is (1) the teaching of the new criticism, concerning Books and portions of Books of the Old Scriptures; (2) the teaching of the new criticism in respect of the self-limitation of our Lord's knowledge when upon earth, and *after* as *before* His Resurrection, in respect of His knowledge of the Old Scriptures. One would have thought, *à priori*, that a moment's consideration would have sufficed to show the new, or higher critic, upon his own rlue even of the majesty of human reason, that such assumption is an absurdity, and worse than an absurdity. I might safely use a much stronger word. A book, every page of which is stamped with unfathomable mysteries, and is sealed with the seal of God; a Book containing things which even 'the angels desire to look into,' (1 St. Peter i. 12) is to be handed over to every man to say what it pleases him to say upon it. It is an evil claim for a learned few. It is a miserable claim for the millions of men, miserable in its profound cruelty, drawing away the life blood of their hope, comfort, peace here; giving them nothing in their room; having nothing to give. Truly it may be said that the pride of human reason and the lust of human appetite rise in rebellion against what it is not within the province of the first to comprehend, or of the second to find in the rebellion anything wherewith to replace lost comfort, hope, and peace. The same answer extends to the particular objections to portions of books advanced by the new critic. It is not for man to discuss what parts of the Bible as delivered by the Church Catholic, under guidance of the Spirit, are, or are not, of God. But all this notwithstanding, 'the new or higher criticism' does claim to deal with Holy Scripture as it would deal with any other 'literature;' and proceeds to part and parcel out the Old Scriptures into what is to, or may, be accepted as of Divine revelation, and what may be dismissed as not required to be so accepted. To this it is replied that our Lord Jesus Christ has in His Gospels, *before and after His resurrection alike* (St. Luke, xxiv. 25-6-7, 44-8), referred to, or cited from, the Old Scriptures in more than 520 places of His teaching. The rejoinder of the new, or higher, critic is that our Lord's knowledge of the Old Scriptures was a 'self-limited knowledge.' This was indeed the only resort left to the new, or higher critic, in defending and maintaining his position in respect of the Old Scriptures; and as such he does not hesitate to cling to it with all the tenacity of the Neologist of our, as of all other time. . . . This 'invention' of a 'limited knowledge' in our Lord Jesus Christ when upon earth, and other like 'inventions' of man, well-defined as follows—'New ways of making a man more wise and happy than God has made him'—let me say—though I shrink from having to state it—that 'self-limited knowledge' in our Lord carries with it this inseparable consequence. It is terrible to have to state it, but it has to

be done. It is this—that our Lord, knowing that He had so self-limited Himself, has, nevertheless, employed the Old Scriptures in His teaching, as if He were not 'self-limited'—employed them to illustrate and to enforce His teaching when He had Himself deprived Himself of the knowledge whether what He was citing or referring to was truth of fact or not. It is, I repeat, terrible to be forced to note such things; but, as it is my duty to note them, my duty to God, to His Church, to you, to myself, I note them and leave them with as few words as I may. . . . Reason, man's greatest earthly gift, may, like all other gifts bestowed upon him, become his greatest snare. It may, that is, become unreason; and in respect of things Divine will issue, if left to itself, in what St. John calls it, 'the pride of life.' It may and will win many proselytes in the hands of the user, and find much honour in the world as denoting much acumen and intellectual power. Whether it can issue in the form it has adopted for itself in helping men to save their souls is another question. For one, I need not state in words the answer I must give to that question. Call to mind day by day, dear brethren in Christ, what that Book is which many amongst us are handling so freely as if it were their own native production or that of some other man. It is the Book of God speaking to man by man, and as delivered to all men by the Church Catholic, as He sees fit in His Almighty wisdom. It is the one Book that does this. It is the Book which tells us of all the relations of God to man. It is the one Book that does this. It is the Book which tells us of all the relations of man to God. It is the one Book that does this. May God the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost warn us, teach us, help us, guide us all, guard us against that deadliest wile of the tempter, 'the pride of life.' All this let us pray for ourselves and for all, watching unto prayer, praying, confessing, mourning for our many sins, hoping for everlasting life, giving up ourselves in body and in soul to Christ, speaking to us by the Spirit, in His own Holy Word—not living as though we had not yet received the truth, but have always to find it still for ourselves by our own reasoning power. God in His mercy in Christ keep us from being found when Christ cometh to know then for the first time what that is which Christ meaneth when He said, 'When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith upon the earth.'"

An amusing anecdote of Pope Pius IX. is related, on the authority of Mr. Gladstone, by the late Mr. Severn, the artist. When Mr. Gladstone was presented to the Pope, in 1864, the conversation happened to turn on railways. The Pope declared that he would never permit railways in his dominions, as he believed they would injure the health of his subjects. Mr. Gladstone, thinking the Pope was not serious, pressed him more closely, and the Pope then said seriously that he was "sure the English people were subject to consumption from passing through the air so rapidly in railways." "This (adds Mr. Severn) Mr. Gladstone told me himself."

Lately the little sons of the Emperor of Germany were shown the mysteries of a crush hat. Shortly afterwards, in the anti-room of their father, they found a tall hat, and immediately desired to test their skill in shutting it up. Being an ordinary hat, and without the *claque* mechanism, it naturally refused to shut. At last one little prince, growing impatient, said to his brother, "Sit on it, Fritzchen!" Fritz obeyed; there followed a loud crack and a roar of laughter from the authors of the mischief. The Emperor sent out to ask the cause of the disturbance. Pointing to the smashed hat, the young Crown Prince replied, with a military salute, "The obstinate thing wouldn't shut at first, but among us we managed to make it change its mind!" The wrecked hat was replaced by a new one, which the owner will doubtless keep as a souvenir of a very amusing episode in the life of his country's future head.

It is decided that the W. H. Smith memorial shall take the form of a window in St. Margaret's Church, and that if there are any surplus remaining it shall be devoted to a bust, to be placed in the House of Commons library.

The magnificent mausoleum, constructed by the Empress Frederick for her husband's remains, is at length complete. A space is left for her own tomb.

Another new departure was made at Gloucester Cathedral on Easter Sunday. An orchestral band, numbering between forty and fifty performers, took part in the evening service in the nave. There was an immense congregation. It is only intended to have a band on festival occasions, such as Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas.

ARTS AND LETTERS.

All the tickets for the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth next July have been sold. The theatre contains 1,400 people, and the price of all the places is the same, 20 marks, or one pound sterling. Thus the total receipts for the twenty representations will be £28,000. In London alone £4,000 worth have been sold.

Princess Isabella of Bavaria having had the idea of preparing for a sale for charitable purposes an album of Royal photographs and autographs, begged of Pope Leo XIII. the favour of being allowed to inscribe his name among the patrons of the work. His Holiness replied (says the Rome correspondent of the *Standard*) by sending the following verses, celebrating the art of photography:—

ARS PHOTOGRAPHICA.

Expressa solis spiculo
Nitens imago quam bene
Frontis decus, vim luminum,
Refers, et oris gratiam.

O, mira virtus ingeni,
Novumque monstrum! imaginem
Naturæ Apelles æmulus
Non pulchriorem pingerent.

LEO P.P. XIII.

The Winter Exhibition at the New Gallery is to be of the collected works of Mr. E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A. It is announced to open in January next.

What is called a critical edition of Prince Bismarck's speeches is about to be published at Stuttgart. Indeed, the first volume, covering the period from 1847 to 1852, has been issued. This will be the first complete edition of the speeches. The volume is preceded by a letter from the Prince.

Mdme. Sarah Bernhardt, who has returned to France on the completion of her sixteen month's tour in America and Australia, during which she performed 398 times, starts in three weeks for London, where she will make thirty appearances at the Shaftesbury, beginning with Sardon's *Cleopatra*. Then, after a short rest, she will make a fresh tour through Europe.

At the sale of the Murrieta Collection on Saturday, in Messrs. Christie's rooms, the total for the day reached the respectable figures of £41,319. The highest point reached was, in the bidding for David Cox's picture, "The Vale of Clwyd," which, after a keen contest, was sold for £4,725. Among the other lots were the same artist's "Going to the Fair," 1,050gs.; his "Barden Tower," 1,100gs.; and his "Reapers Returning Home," £1,186; P. de Windt's "View of Cambridge," £630; J. Linnell's "Harvest Time," £577; the same artist's "Milking Time," £425; a picture by Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., £525; two by P. Nasmyth, £661 and £619 respectively.

As a proof of the popularity of Shakespeare in Germany, it may be stated that 17,000 copies of a new German People's Edition of the dramas in one volume at three marks have been sold during the past year.

The Ordnance Department has completed the reproduction of Domesday Book. It has been accomplished by the process of photozincography, at a cost of over £3,000.

It is rumoured that the number of works submitted this year to the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy has seldom, if ever, been exceeded. It is said to be 31,000 The number of works exhibited is always less than 2,000.

Correspondence.

ANARCHY AND THE RADICALS.

Sir,—I am glad to find that the recent Anarchist revelations have been the means of directing the attention of thoughtful people to to the connection between Radicalism and Anarchy.

The Radical press of this country is ever on the alert to take advantage of the smallest and most meagre opportunity of doing its utmost to set in antagonism capital and labour, master and servant, landlord and tenant, and to divide mankind into hostile communities of "classes" and "masses," between whom it sedulously endeavours to sow the seeds of ill-feeling and mistrust by stating that the interests of each are incompatible with and irreconcilably opposed to those of the other.

When an Anarchist plot is discovered or executed these same journals smugly and with well stimulated horror stigmatise the authors thereof as "misguided individuals" and the like, while the plotters have merely ripened and fructified the teachings of their Radical condemnators, who, however, at this stage find it prudent to disown them.

Of course we are told that violence was never counselled by these papers, which may be literally true, but the responsibility is none the less theirs. The simmering pot will boil over sometime.

The man who sets the boulder rolling on the hillside or pierces the mill-dam with his walking-stick cannot conscientiously disclaim responsibility for the subsequent damage wrought by the stone in the water as a natural consequence of his act.

If Radicals would be candid they would admit that the good of mankind can never be set forward by the exaggeration of differences or fostering of discontent, but simply and solely by doing all that it is possible to do for the promotion of *unity* of interest between all classes of the community.

Yours, &c.,
CONSERVATIVE.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER.

Sir,—The political world seems to have the hysterics over the woes of the agricultural labourer; the party that showers most pity on him doubtless hoping to pocket his vote. One seldom hears anyone venture to say a word about his advantages, so may I presume to trespass on your space to raise a small voice about a few of them. No doubt the peasant is crowding to the towns here, as he seems to be everywhere in the Old and New World.

We are told he goes to the town for better dwellings, which is an extraordinary statement when we realise what the accommodation is that he must expect in our large towns. We hear the old cottages sweepingly termed "wretched hovels," &c. I can only understand this by thinking that the people who so describe them take an exceptionally bad one, make no end of fuss over it, and end by saying they are all like it, till a mud or parti-coloured wall and a thatch roof become signs of degradation, and "picturesqueness" is used as a damning epithet. Nearly all have a fair-sized, many a large, living room, with generally wash-house, scullery and other outside accommodation, two or three bedrooms, and in the old cottages these are often large and airy. I think many a speech-maker who glibly calls them hovels would be surprised to see what an air of comfort and cleanliness there often is in a bedroom under an apparently "ramshackle" high-pitched gable. I do not mean to say they are perfection, and often little repairs would be a great boon. In a speech last week a case of a man, wife and six children with only two bedrooms was held up in horror. The labourer was clearly leaving the country chiefly because he was housed in hovels. I join with the lament, and heartily say, Alas, that such things are! Would that it could be that everyone had three or four large bedrooms! But it is when we are led to believe that the labourer gets them in the towns that the absurdity comes in. Let people read Charles Booth's books on East and South London and see what the accommodation is of the average man earning seemingly double or more than double the agricultural labourer's wage. Let him go and ask anyone who has worked in a poor parish anywhere in London. They will tell you that the majority of men earning say up to 35s. per week live in two rooms, or even in one room, with families often of more than six, that a house with three bedrooms is a luxury rarely indulged in even by the skilled artisan earning high wages. A family to one house is the exception; this means that a man and his family have no outlet whatever to call their own beyond the walls of the two or three rooms, the staircase and landing being common property. Do these facts seem to point to the better dwellings being found in the towns, and as to the rents, 5s. and 6s. is not uncommon for one room.

Then consider the labourer's good garden—what a boon that is to him. Yet he is, I know, often pitied for having to till it after a hard

day's work, and I suppose it may seem impossible for a townsman to realise that a garden is often a great pleasure as well as a sort of profit, that a man's flowers and vegetables are a pride to him. In the latter the cottage often excels "the house." Contrast the labourer's lot with that of the townsman, who returns on a stifling summer's evening to no outlet whatever beyond his tenement rooms. As to the unbearable dulness of the labourer's life, I can well imagine it may seem so to a restless modern of the progressive turn living in a crowd and ever haranguing political gatherings and social clubs. But is the rush and excitement of the life in town so vastly superior to the quiet of the country that it is the only life worth living? Does dulness necessarily mean unhappiness? Are not many of us country folk happy though dull? The melancholy expression of the farm labourer one hears so tearfully spoken of is sentimental rubbish, and I should say the women, especially after marriage, look much brighter and less worn than the townswomen. Why should not a man find as much interest in working in the fields as by being part of a machine, making one thing, in a factory? Certainly the interest is more varied in the former and in a healthier atmosphere. If the farm labourer is so miserably poor why do the women refuse to work in the fields and thus help the husband's wage? In town it would seem the general thing, even if the husband is earning fair wages, for the wife to toil long hours at miserably paid work, which is often disagreeably dirty and smelly in their limited accommodation? Is haymaking or the lighter harvest work so much more degrading that women cannot be got to do it?

Again, I cannot see why the labourers should be taught to look on the help that comes in times of sickness or distress from the farm house or rectory as a disgrace. Much of it is given in the friendliest spirit of sympathy, free from that condescension and patronage that often turns help into a "charity" grievous to be borne. How much was done for them in the last epidemics! and this help must go far towards lessening the disadvantage of having no hospitality handy. The want of decent drinking water in hilly districts is, I fear, too often a real and great grievance, and to me before anything else needs reform; and wherever the money can scraped together pure water ought to be got somehow. I know cases where expensive modern cottages have been built, but with no water supply. Wells are a greater necessity than smart cottages. Let all be done that can be to make the labourer's life happy and comfortable, but it is not necessary to do this to make him believe himself, first of all, worse off than he is. Is it impossible to revive something of the old country jollities, and for the gentry to mix more in them as they used to do? More village clubs would be a good thing. Teach the girls to cook at school, and thus increase the possible variety of food, which is more difficult in the country than in town.

But let us be honest, and acknowledge the agricultural labourer has many advantages over the crowded townsmen; his home consisting of a larger and cheaper cottage; his garden; the pure air and more healthy surroundings; freedom from the smoky and dirt-laden atmosphere of our large towns which makes cleanliness so difficult; these are a few of them. Does the townsman not pay a heavy price for the excitement and advancement of town life? Some day, perhaps, there will be no "dull country." It will be all one town. We shall *all* have plate-glass windows and slate roofs. There will be organ grinders and German bands all the time, and in every open space a prophet haranguing on the "rights and equalities of humanity," or holding forth the latest scientific religion! Then how happy shall we all be! Apologising for length of my letter,

Believe me, yours faithfully,
A LOVER OF THE COUNTRY.

SOCIETY.

A marriage has been arranged between the Marchese Ferdinando Guiccioli, Gentilhomme de la Cour to her Majesty the Queen of Italy, and Constance Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Frederick Cazenove and Mrs. Cazenove, of Warfield Grove, Bracknell, and 42, Queen's-gate-gardens, London.

Also between Captain Donne, the Carabiniers, only son of the late Rev. R. J. Donne, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Ethel, eldest daughter of Mr. J. E. Reiss of Jodrell Hall, Cheshire.

Also between Captain Barclay, 10th Hussars, son of the late Mr. Henry Ford Barclay, of Monkhams, Essex, and the Hon. Charlotte Beresford, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Decies.

Also between Captain Albert Carstairs, the Royal Irish Rifles, son of the late Mr. J. S. Carstairs, her Majesty's Bengal Civil Service, and Fanny, daughter of Mr. J. A. Bostwick, of 800, Fifth-Avenue, New York.

Also between Mr. William J. Oliver, late Captain Royal Artillery, eldest son of Mr. Robert Oliver, of Lochside, Roxburgshire, and Miss Margaret Christie Don, second daughter of the late Mr. William Gilbert Don, 1, Rothesay-terrace, Edinburgh.

Also between Mrs. A. M. Bullough, the widow of the late Mr. John Bullough, of Accrington, and of Meggernie Castle, Glen Lyon, N.B., and Captain J. R. Beech, of the Egyptian Army.

Also between Mr. Claude Guinness, of Knockmaroon House, Castleknock, County Dublin, and Zoe, second daughter of Mr. Albert Nugent, of Bascom Lodge, Christchurch, Hants.

Also between Captain Douglas Gaisford, South Wales Borderers, eldest surviving son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Gaisford, late 72nd Highlanders, and Esmé, second daughter of General Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., G.C.B.

Also between Mr. William H. Kenderdine, of Marlings, Chiselhurst, Kent, and Evelyn Vernon, daughter of Colonel Bailey, of 22, Braham-gardens.

The marriages arranged between Mr. M. T. Baines, eldest son of Mr. Baines, of Bawtrey Hall, Yorkshire, and Eveleigh, eldest daughter of Mr. William Rose Holden, of 13, Victoria Park, Dover; and between Mr. Donald Bremner, Royal Artillery, and Mary Rose, third daughter of Mr. William Rose Holdon, will take place on the 21st., of June at St. Mary's, Dover.

The marriage of Mr. H. R. Parker and Miss C. E. Gordon Besley (Evie), will take place at Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, on Wednesday, the 8th of June, at half-past two o'clock.

The marriage of Mr. Robert W. Pinney and Miss Violet B. Mynors will take place on the 2nd of June, at the parish church, Ashley, Tetbury, Gloucestershire.

The marriage arranged between Mr. Henry Gregory Syndercombe Bower, of Los Chilenos, Argentine Republic, eldest son of Mr. H. Syndercombe Bower, of Fontmell Parva, Dorset, and Charlotte Rosabelle, youngest daughter of the Rev. Richard Surtees, of Holtby Rectory, York, and Dinsdale-on-Tees, Durham, will take place in July.

The marriage arranged between Lieutenant A. S. Buckle, Royal Artillery, only son of the late Captain A. L. Buckle, Royal Engineers, and Midland Louisa, second daughter of the Rev. E. W. Northey, of Woodcut House, Epsom, will take place early in August.

The marriage arranged between Mr. Douglas Adams, third son of Mr. William Alexander Adams, of Gaines, Herefordshire, and Mabel Agnes, youngest daughter of Mr. George Long of 51, Queen's-gardens, Hyde-park, will take place in July.

The marriage of Mr. John B. da Costa Ricci, son of Baron da Costa Ricci, and Miss Lidie Freeman, second daughter of the late Martin Schultz, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., and Mrs. Freeman Schultz, took place on Tuesday, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The American Minister and Mrs. Lincoln, Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Emory, and the Portuguese Minister, M. de Soveral, and the First Secretary were present.

The marriage of Lady Francis Cecil, widow of the late Lord Francis Cecil, R.N., to Commander P. Tillard, R.N., took place at the British Consulate at Nice and at St. Anne's Church, Close-brooks, Cap d'Antibes, on the 26th ult. The service was performed by the Bishop of Gibraltar. Mr. A. Charrington acted as best man. Mr. John Close Brooks represented the father of the bride, Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, Bart., M.P., who was unable to leave England. Lord Burghley arrived at Cannes on the 24th to be present at the ceremony.

The marriage of Mr. J. Maconochie Welwood, of Meadowbank, and Miss Winifred Drummond, third daughter of Mr. Edgar Drummond and the late Hon. Mrs. Drummond, took place on Thursday week at All Saints' Church, Ennismore-gardens. The bridesmaids were Misses Constance, Mary, and Jean Drummond (sisters), and Lady Mary Sackville, Miss Elsie Drummond, Miss Lindsay (cousins of the bride), Miss Sybil Mure (cousin of the bridegroom), and Miss Jenkinson. Mr. H. Gordon, of Aichenhead, acted as the bridegroom's best man. The Rev. R. M. Norman (brother-in-law of the bride) performed the ceremony, assisted by the vicar, the Rev. R. Stewart, and the Rev. A. M. Hoare, Mr. Edgar Drummond giving his daughter away. Later in the afternoon the newly-wedded couple left to spend the honeymoon in Paris.

The marriage of the Marquis R. Paulucci de Calboli, Attaché to the Italian Embassy, with Donna Virginia dei Conti Lazzari, niece of his Excellency the Italian Ambassador and Countess Tornielli, was celebrated in St. James's Roman Catholic Chapel, Spanish-place, on Saturday morning. The wedding was a quiet one, only the relations of the bride and bridegroom being present. According to Continental custom, there were two *témoins* for the bride—her uncle, the Italian Ambassador, and the Spanish Ambassador; and two for the bridegroom—his brother, the Marquis L. Paulucci and the Baron Rey-Roize. There were no bridesmaids. The Rev. Canon Barry officiated. The bridal party afterwards breakfasted at the Italian Embassy, and in the afternoon the Marchese and Marchesa Paulucci de Calboli started for the Channel Islands, and later will go on the Continent.

The marriage of Mr. Hamilton Edward Leonard Earle, surgeon, R.N., only son of Rear-Admiral Hamilton Earle (retired), of Lymington, Hants, with Katharine Lilian, only daughter of Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., took place on Saturday last at St. Mary Abbott's Church, Kensington. Archdeacon Farrar, rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Walter Blunt, of St. Mary Abbott's. In the absence of Sir Edwin Arnold, the bride was given away by her eldest brother, Mr. Edwin Lester Arnold. After the ceremony a reception was held at the South Kensington Hotel, and was largely attended. Amongst the many valuable and useful gifts were presents from friends in India, Japan, and America.

On Saturday afternoon the marriage between Chelsea, eldest son of the Lord Privy Seal, and the Hon. Mildred Sturt, daughter of Lord Alington, was solemnised in Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street. Admission to the church was by invitation or ticket, and the doors were thrown open at half-past twelve o'clock, so that all crowding was avoided. The large concourse of people who assembled outside were also admirably controlled by the police, who kept the approaches clear for the bridal party. The chancel of the spacious building was adorned with a number of tall palms, flowering bamboos, and a variety of white flowers. The invited guests began to assemble at two o'clock, the relations and intimate personal friends of the bride and bridegroom being shown to their seats by the Hon. Humphrey Sturt. The bridesmaids, who were among the early arrivals, were the Hon. Mabel Sturt, the bride's sister; the Ladies Emily and Sophie Cadogan, sisters of the bridegroom; Miss Diana Sturt, niece of the bride; Lady Violet Ashley, sister of the Earl of Shaftesbury; Lady Rosaline Bingham, daughter of the Earl of Lucan; Lady Anne Lambton, sister of the Earl of Durham; Lady Edith Ward, daughter of Georgina Countess of Dudley; and Miss Bulkeley. Their dresses were of soft white silk, veiled with fine embroidered mualin; the bodices were finished with full pelerines entirely of embroidery, and deep white satin sashes, terminating at the back with bows and long ends. Their hats of pure white chip had brims of open embroidery, and were trimmed with white ostrich tips and satin *chous*. Lord Chelsea presented each with a pearl bracelet of simple design, and a bouquet of Gloire de Dijon roses and maidenhair. The bridegroom was accompanied by his brother the Hon. Gerald Cadogan, as best man. The bride entered the church at half-past two o'clock with her father, and was met by the clergy and choir, who led the way to the chancel steps, singing, "O Jesu, I have promised." The bride was attired in a dress of white satin duchesse, made in the Empire style, and embroidered in silver all round the skirt and train and on the deep waistcoat. Above the latter was a deep frill of Brussels lace, which fell from a collar of silver embroidery. A narrow wreath of orange blossoms was becomingly arranged in the hair, and covered by a tulle veil; and the bride's jewels comprised the diamond entwined circle brooch presented to her by the Prince and Princess of Wales; a diamond pendant and diamond and ruby lover's-knot brooch, gifts from the bridegroom, and the moonstone and diamond heart brooch, given to her by her sister, the Hon. Mabel Sturt. Her bouquet of lilies of the valley was the gift of a few flower-girls of Westminster, in whose welfare the bride takes a warm interest and who witnessed the marriage ceremony from the gallery. The Rev. Reginald

Wynter, M.A., officiated, assisted by Prebendary Eyton, M.A., Sub-Almoner to the Queen, and rector of Holy Trinity. Lord Alington gave his daughter away. While the register was being signed Mendelssohn's anthem, "He, watching over Israel, slumbers not, nor sleeps," was beautifully sung by the choir. Lord and Lady Alington afterwards welcomed the wedding party at Alington House, South Audley-street. As the bride and bridegroom entered the Meister Orchestra struck up Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and afterwards peformed an excellent programme of music. The house was adorned with palms, flowering bamboos, and flowers in great profusion. Refreshments were served in the dining-room, in the centre being the highly decorated wedding cake, about five feet in height. Between four and five o'clock Viscount and Viscountess Chelsea took their departure for Crichel, Lord Alington's seat near Wimborne, Dorset, where they will spend the early days of the honeymoon. The bride went away in a travelling costume of dove-coloured crêpon trimmed with white satin, mantle of velvet of the same colour with *gilet* of Irish point, and hat of dove-coloured felt with ostrich feathers and bows of white satin ribbon. The wedding presents, about 400 in number, were displayed in the ballroom and adjoining apartment. There was a great display of jewellery and silver. The bride's presents included a diamond brooch from the Prince and Princess of Wales; a handsome tortoiseshell and silver clock from the Duke and Duchess of Fife; diamond and pearl bracelet, the jewelled rings, diamond pendant, and diamond and ruby brooch, from the bridegroom; a tiara, necklace, two stars, one large and one small feather brooch, and a cluster bracelet, all in diamonds, turquoise horseshoe bracelet, diamond and sapphire ring, a brougham, and a Steinway pianoforte, from Lord Alington; a magnificent diamond tiara from Earl Cadogan; a gold-mounted dressing-case with raised coronet and monogram on all the fittings. The tradesmen and residents of Wimborne sent a silver-mounted ebony tray; Lord Alington's tenants, silver teakettle and stand; and the household servants, silver waiter. Lord Chelsea received from the Prince of Wales a pair of handsome china vases mounted in ormolu; Prince Francis of Teck gave a silver boat inkstand; Earl Cadogan, a complete set of silver knives and forks; Lord Alington, silver teapot; the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, silver liqueur stand and silver bell; the Duke of Newcastle, silver cigarette box; the Earl and Countess of Lathom, twelve silver-gilt dessert knives; the Lord Chancellor and Lady Halsbury, silver waiter; the officers of the 3rd Battalion Royal Fusiliers, silver-gilt cigar case; the members of the Chelsea Conservative Club, massive silver bowl; the parishioners of Chelsea, large silver tray with handles; the Conservative working men of Stowmarket, large silver bowl; and the parishioners of Timworth and Ingham, chased silver dessert dish.

The wedding of Captain the Hon. Osbert Lumley, 11th Hussars, brother of the Earl of Scarborough, to Miss Constance Wilson Patten, daughter of the Marchioness of Headfort, was solemnised on Tuesday afternoon at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, in the presence of a distinguished company. Among the invited guests were Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, Lord and Lady H. Bentinck, the Earl and Countess of Lathom, the Earl and Countess Spencer, Viscount and Viscountess Galway, the Earl and Countess of Arran, and Lady Esther Gore. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Arthur Thynne, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Montagu Villiers, rector of St. Paul's. The bride was given away by her stepfather, Lord Headfort. She wore a dress of white duchesse satin, trimmed with silver embroidery, Brussels lace veil, fastened to the hair with a diamond bar brooch, the gift of the Earl of Scarborough. The bridesmaids were Miss Evelyn Wilson Patten, Lady Beatrice Taylour, sisters of the bride, Miss Marcia Thynne, Lady Lettice Grosvenor, Lady Hilda Dundas, the Hon. Beatrice Bridgeman, and Miss Orde Powlett. They were prettily attired in white. Lord Scarborough attended his brother as best man, and when the ceremony was over the bride's mother held a reception at her town house in Belgrave-square. Later in the afternoon the bride and bridegroom left for Sandbeck Park, near Rotherham.

The Countess of Rosse gave a charming fancy dress ball at Birr Castle, King's County, on the 21st ult. The ballroom was beautifully decorated with daffodils and foliage, with which the walls were panelled, and the reception-rooms were lit with electric light. The hostess appeared as a Vandyck portrait of the time of Charles I. She wore a gown of pale blue and white brocade, full white wig, and lovely emerald and diamond ornaments. Lady Muriel Parsons was dressed as the White Cat in soft white silk and fur tails, and white fur in her hair. The Countess of Bandon as Mary Stuart wore a pale blue brocade gown, with front and sleeves of amethyst velvet; velvet coif edged with pearls, and pearl and diamond ornaments. The Countess of Huntingdon had a most becoming *poudré* costume of antique salmon-pink brocade, and diamond ornaments. Lady Irene Hastings as Myosotis wore a white dress, with wreaths of forget-me-nots. Lady West Ridgway was dressed as a Greek maiden, and wore a beautiful gown of soft white silk, with double gold armlets, connected by chains; three bandeaux of gold coins in her fair hair, and gold trimming on her dress. Lady Dunally as a Rainbow wore pale pink, blue, and yellow. Lord Rosse wore an antique Court costume of pale blue and white, lace ruffles, and diamond brooch. Lord Oxmantown appeared as Romeo; and his brother, the Hon. Geoffrey Parsons, was dressed as a Gondolier in blue and brown. Sir Hubert Miller, who led the cotillon with Lady Rosse, wore the Old Guards' costume during the early part of the evening, and afterwards appeared as a Gladiator. Lord Bandon wore a Court suit, time of Charles I. Lord Dunally was in Highland costume. Dancing was kept up with much animation until a late hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Blackburne-Maze gave a very successful ball at their lovely and historical Elizabethan mansion, Shaw House, near Newbury, on the 19th ult. The musicians came from Reading, and the ballroom floor was in perfect condition. Supper took place in a large room upstairs, called Queen Anne's bedroom, where an immense horseshoe table accommodated all the guests. Over 130 guests were present. The hostess wore a very becoming dress of pale pearl-grey striped satin, with pink petticoat, and splendid diamond necklace and cross. Mrs. Howard Vincent's handsome ball-gown was of a delicate shade of vieux rose satin, with diamond ornaments. Mrs. Matthew Ridley wore pale pink with little bouquets of pink blossoms on the flounce at the foot of the petticoat. Mrs. Fenwick was in black striped silk gauze, with diamonds; and Lady Scott in pale cream satin covered with black lace and jet, pink bandeau in the hair, and diamond ornaments. Miss Carden wore pale blue and buff colour. Miss Hunt Grubbe was also in pale blue, and her sister in pink, with a pearl comb in her fair hair, and she carried a pretty shower bouquet. Mrs. Grant's dress was of handsome primrose satin brocade, with pearl embroidery and fringe.

CHIT CHAT.

The Queen, who is sending a picture of herself, the late Prince Consort, and the Royal Family to the art gallery of the South African and International Exhibition at Kimberley, has also promised to contribute, with certain members of her family, to the Chicago World's Fair. Her Majesty's contribution will comprise, it is said, some specimens of her own knitting and spinning, and also some pictures which she painted when a girl. The Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and Princess Beatrice will send specimens of embroidery and needlework. The Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia has, by permission of the German Emperor, accepted the presidency of the German Division of the Woman's Board. It is understood that a delegate of the Lady Managers, who has gone to Europe to secure a woman artist to design the decorations for the Woman's Building, will approach several English painters of note, including Lady Butler, Miss Louise Jopling, Mrs. Alma-Tadema, and Mdme. Montalba. Among the national exhibits will be the Petition of the Colonies to the King of England for Representation in Parliament, the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution of the United States. These national relics will be placed in specially made steel caskets, and will be transported to and from Chicago by special trains. They will be continually guarded by United States soldiers from the time they leave the Department of State until they return.

General regret will be felt at the announcement that the health of the Queen of Roumania has recently been greatly impaired. She wishes to spend the summer at Salzburg, but the doctors do not advise her to undertake so long a journey. She has had to give up her drives along the shores of the Lago Maggiore, and is not allowed to work. She is in an extremely nervous condition.

The German Emperor will, it is understood, arrive at Cowes in the yacht Hohenzollern about August 1. The stay of his Majesty in English waters will extend to about seven days. He will not visit London, but will spend most of his time in sailing his new yacht, Meteor, which is now at Gravesend.

A statistician has computed that there are at present in the world, under State management, 13,179 miles of submarine cables, with 19,426 miles of wire; and in the possession of private companies 112,937 miles of cable, with 113,685 miles of wire, being a total, therefore, of 126,116 miles of cable with 133,111 miles of wire. These cables are all in operation, besides which there are several long and short lines in course of construction. Of the lines under State management, Great Britain is credited with 4,010 with 7,685 miles of wire; France with 3,969 miles, with 4,486 miles of wire; Germany 1,580 miles, with 2,877 miles of wire; Italy with 1,072 miles, with 1,092 miles of wire, and other countries with 2,692 miles, with 2,780 miles of wire. Concessions are not now granted in Germany to private companies, which, however, flourish in Great Britain, France, the United States, Denmark, and the Argentine Republic. The miles given are, in every case, nautical miles of 6,086·7ft.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey proposes that the next young and ambitious man who succeeds to a peerage while he is sitting in the Commons should refrain from asking for his writ of summons, and simply sit on in the People's House. Without such a writ of summons, says Mr. Strachey, his seat cannot be declared vacant, nor need he be afraid that any penalty will be incurred. "It will be breaking no statute, no standing order, and no principle of the common law, and the House of Commons will not venture to send him to the Clock Tower because he has done something which nobody ever thought of doing before."

The Royal Astronomical Society has lately received from the Cape a specimen of celestial photography, in which on a fraction of the sky which could be covered by a shilling there can be counted by the aid of the microscope 50,000 stars of various magnitudes. The plate was exposed three hours, and the apparatus, regulated by clockwork, followed with precision the point of the heavens which had been fixed upon. If all parts of the firmament are so thickly studded, what must be the number of stars capable of being recorded by the camera?

Within the past decade nearly all the English Bishops have changed the form of their signature into its Latin equivalent. When Dr. Temple succeeded the late Bishop Jackson, he set the example by signing himself "F. Londin." Even the younger Welsh Bishops now adopt the same style, and a few years before his death Dr. Harvey Goodwin submitted to the new order of things, signing "H. G. Carliol." The new Bishop of Carlisle, however, clings to the old Evangelical tradition, and has reverted to "J. W. Carlisle."

In Scotland the commonest name is found to be Smith; M'Donald holds the second place, and Brown the third. As to the Christian names, William had, it appears, got a good start before surnames were invented, for sixty-eight Williams figure in *Domesday Book*, together with forty-eight Roberts, twenty-eight Walters, and ten Johns. In 1173 Sir William St. John and Sir William FitzHamon entertained a dinner-party at the Court of Henry II. The invitations were limited to Knights of the name of William, and the company numbered 120. The day of John had come in 1547, when the Common Council of London contained thirty-five Johns, and only seventeen Williams, fifteen Thomases, ten Richards, and eight Roberts. In 1235, out of the 376 names enrolled in the Guild of St. George at Norwich there were 123 Johns, forty-seven Williams, and forty-one Thomases. From that day to this (says Sir Herbert Maxwell) John and William have held their ground as the commonest baptismal names in Scotland.

A new and peculiar use has been found for diamonds, namely, assisting marksmen in their shooting. The diamonds are fixed in the front and back sights, and it is said they enable the marksman to take a quick and correct aim, even in a bad light. The brilliants are so fitted that immediately the piece is brought to the shoulder the rays in the gems assist the alignment, and the eye takes aim without the least hesitation.

As a rule Parliamentary returns are dry reading, but a paper has been published which will be of interest to those who were responsible for altering the circuit arrangements a few years ago. During 1891 the Queen's Bench judges were absent from London on assize business for 1,239 days, and their allowances, at a rate of £7 10s. a day, amounted to £9,292 10. Further, their railway fares cost £173, and the railway fares and cab allowances of their clerks £278. Marshals to judges, who are each paid two guineas per diem, received £2,583; while the Clerks of Assize were paid £4,140 in the shape of "subsistences allowances."

Rather important discoveries from an archæological point of view have been made by some workmen who were laying the foundation of a house on the northern slope of the Montmartre Butte. A fragment of the tomb of a knight, probably dating from the days of King Louis le Gros, was brought to light, together with two vessels in pewter, one of a primitive Roman make, and the other apparently of a later period. There was once a Temple to Mercury or Mars on the Butte, and afterwards a convent erected by the wife of Louis le Gros, and it is supposed that the objects found originally belonged to these places.

A subscription list has been opened for purchasing and presenting to Balliol College, Oxford, Mr. Goldsborough Anderson's portrait of the late Cardinal Manning. Amongst those who have already signified their intention of subscribing may be mentioned the Master of Balliol, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, Lord Justice Bowen, the Speaker, Viscount Weymouth, M.P., Lord Elcho, and the Hon. George Curzon.

It is supposed that the announcement of the creation of Prince George of Wales as Duke of Sussex will be made on the Queen's birthday. One of Her Majesty's uncles was Duke of Sussex, and married for his second wife a daughter of the Earl of Arran, who had the title of Duchess of Inverness conferred upon her.

Princess Maud of Wales has hit upon a novel method of replenishing her exchequer. Her mother makes her an allowance, a considerable part of which she spends in charity; but there are so many appeals that her little fund is entirely inadequate to meet them. She makes a habit of gathering up all the peacock feathers that are dropped by the great flock of pea-fowl at Sandringham, and these she weaves into fans and fire screens to be sold at charity fairs. The fact that they are very prettily and tastefully done gives them a considerable value, and she reaps from them a neat little sum for her pet pensioners.

Studentships in Divinity, to be known as Wordsworth's studentships (after the late Bishop of Lincoln), have been founded at Cambridge by a private benefactor. One student is to be elected this term, and thereafter two annually.

The income of the Bishop of Bedford's East London Church Fund last year was £16,447, while the expenditure was £20,177. The population under the care of the Bishop is 1,600,000, and in spite of all that has been done there are more than 3,000 souls to each clergyman.

The late Cardinal Manning, the net value of whose estate has been sworn at £553, has bequeathed the portrait of his father by Romney and the bust of his father by Chantrey to the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, and he gives all manuscripts, papers, books, and copyrights to Dr. Butler, the Very Rev. Thomas Dillon, the Very Rev. Walter Richards, and Canon Keens for their absolute use and benefit.

Leo XIII. recently expressed himself as greatly pleased with the decision that the Manning memorial in London is to take the form of an undenominational refuge. "This is," said his Holiness, "by far the best way of honouring the memory of one who was the workman's Cardinal."

Much interest has been aroused in society and general circles in Vienna by the news that a marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Count Herbert Bismarck and Countess Marguerite Hoyos, the Charming grand-daughter of Mr. Robert Whitehead, who is best known to fame as the inventor of the Whitehead torpedo. It is understood the ceremony will take place at Fiume, in Hungary.

The enthronisation of the Most Rev. Dr. Vaughan next Sunday will be an imposing ceremony. The fourteen prelates who hold suffragen sees in connection with the province of Westminster will be present. Dr. Walsh will take part in the ceremony, and Mgr. Gilbert will pronounce the act of enthronisation. About 300 guests from different parts of the provinces are expected. On the Tuesday following Dr. Vaughan will hold a reception of his episcopal brethren and representative laity. It is rumoured that Dr. Vaughan will be among those receiving cardinal's hats at next month's consistory.

During the ten years ended on the last day of 1890 the United States Government had paid off more than one-half of their liabilities in respect of the National Debt of the country. They began the present decade with a liability of £178,392,000 sterling, and if they can continue for another ten years paying off at the same rate annually as they have done during the last ten, by the close of the present century the United States will be freed from the incubus of a National Debt.

A new Great Seal for Ireland has just been completed by the chief engraver of Her Majesty's Seals, to take the place of the seal designed on the accession of the Queen, which is how worn out. The new seal is an exact replica of its predecessor, and is similar in all respects to the Great Seal of England, save that in the exergus a harp with shamrock leaves takes the place of the trident head and sprays of oak, which form the distinctive mark of the English seal.

There are in the United Kingdom some 45,000 Sunday schools, in which upwards of 700,000 teachers are engaged in instructing 7,000,000 scholars. In the United States there are upwards of 100,000 Sunday schools, more than 1,000,000 teachers, and 8,500,000 scholars. In the whole world the schools are said to number 183,390, the teachers 1,999,500, and the scholars 17,716,212.

One of the most interesting exhibits likely to be made by the British Commission at the Chicago Exhibition will be a large scale map, showing the discoveries which have been made in North America by Englishmen. Though Columbus discovered the West Indies, the credit of first sighting the mainland of America seems—if we put aside the unrecorded investigations of the Northmen—to be due to an Englishman, Sebastian Cabot; and the list of names of English explorers of America, which is headed by his, is a very long and distinguished one. Raleigh, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir Hugh Willoughby, Frobisher, Davis, Hudson, Baffin, in the seventeenth century, were followed, in the eighteenth, by Scoresby and Cook; while the work they commenced was carried on during our own century by the Rosses, Parry, Franklin, Collinson, Maclure, M'Clintock, Nares, and Markham.

Mr. H. de Windt, in his volume on *Siberia*, just published, tells how the present Russian Emperor spends his day. The Czar's habits are simple and regular. His mornings, which begin at six o'clock, are devoted to study, correspondence, and interviews with his Ministers. At midday he breakfasts with the Empress and his family. In the afternoon he rides or drives. "Alexander III. is fond of violent exercise. At Gatschina his favourite amusements are felling trees in summer, in winter clearing away snow from the ice hills. At eight o'clock he dines. No Parisian bourgeois or British yeoman is fonder of simple domestic life than the 'Great White Czar.'" The summer months are usually passed at Gatschina, where great precautions are taken for the Czar's safety. All the avenues are closely guarded, while the palace and grounds are brilliantly illuminated by electric light from dusk to dawn in summer and winter. The peasantry in the neighbourhood have a saying that "It is never night at Gatschina!" The palace at Gatschina is famed for its Gobelins tapestries and paintings, by the best French and Russian masters.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS.—Messrs. Mayer and Co., of Munich, and 149, New Bond-street, London, solicit a visit to their showrooms, where they have always on view stained-glass windows and other objects of ecclesiastical art, executed for almost any part of the kingdom. Messrs. Mayer and Co., will have great pleasure in submitting designs and estimates for any window in contemplation free of all charge.

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GIRLS OF THE RIGHT SORT.

"My daughter, unless you can work the ship off the coast, she will soon strike the rocks, and we shall all be lost."

So said the captain of a fine merchant vessel to his daughter. He was right; it was their only chance. The bark *Anina*, 700 tons, was bound from Cuxhaven to Rio with a general cargo. She had scarcely left port when the captain was disabled by a broken leg. A mutiny followed. Under threat of bad weather the *Anina* anchored in a bight of a bay on the dangerous coast of Cornwall. Here the officers and all of the crew deserted. A furious cyclonic south-west gale arose. The anchors dragged, and the girl burned a flare on deck. The lifeboat responded, but was staved against the ship's side by a sea. All the boat's crew were lost except the coxswain, who gained the deck. He was not a sailor, yet with him alone under her orders, this girl, who *sat* a sailor, cut both cables, set some headsail, and got out into the open. It was touch and go, but true grit won. Three weeks longer the girl commanded before help came. Yet it did come finally, and so did the wedding of the handsome young coxswain and the captain's beautiful and heroic daughter.

And yet there are some fools left who say we must look to men chiefly for courage and intelligence. Stuff and nonsense! Any woman will scream when she sees a mouse (that's mere nerves), and ten minutes later she will meet disaster or death with a quiet smile. Then, too, women have a genius for throwing in a suggestion exactly when it is wanted.

A man writes this way:—"I came home dejected," so he goes on, "and didn't know what to do, but my daughter said——"

But wait a minute. Before we hear what his daughter said, let's have *his* story from the start, shipshape and Bristol fashion. He says: "In December, 1890, I was suddenly taken one day with an excruciating pain in the pit of the stomach and in the right side. For over twelve hours I could neither sit nor lie down. The medical man who examined me gave me some medicine, but on the second day jaundice set in, and from that time I suffered from a similiar attack about once every three weeks. Every remedy was tried without avail; nothing did the slightest good. The kidney secretion was something frightful, being a mass of matter, blood, and bile.

"This continued five months, and I grew weaker and thinner every day. My friends thought nothing could save me. Many urged me to have further advice, as at this time the secretions were much worse and the motions resembled white clay. Another attack came on, and as I was daily getting worse, I said, 'I will see the doctor first, and if he can do me no good, I will seek further medical help.'

"Accordingly I went to see him, but he was from home and would not return until late at night. I came home dejected and did not know what to do, but *my daughter said, 'Why don't you try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup?* We hear it has cured so many. If it does you no good it will do no harm.' 'Well,' I said to her, 'I will try a bottle.'

"I then began to take it, and oh! how thankful I afterwards was, for on the third day I could see such a change. The secretion, instead of being nothing but corruption, became clear, and the motions a healthy colour. From that time I daily gained health and strength, and in a short time I was as well as ever in my life, and have had no return of the disease.

"I can therefore speak of this medicine in the highest terms, for, under God's blessing, it cured me when nothing else had the slightest effect."

The above communication is from a business man of high character in the county of Brecon. For especial reasons he desires his name to be withheld for the present, but we freely pledge our own reputation for the truth of this statement. The date is February 12, 1892.

The attacks which would probably have soon ended his life were of severe kidney and liver congestion, growing out of profound indigestion and dyspepsia. His system was flooded with bile acid poisons, and he may thank Heaven for having a daughter who made the right suggestion at a critical moment. In courage and good sense she is like the other noble girl who saved her father's life from wreck while he lay helpless in his cabin. [illegible] end them in their own life voyages, say [illegible]

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MAPLE and CO.—The MILTON SUITE, consisting of six very comfortable chairs, and two elbow chairs with rush seats, an oak sideboard with cupboards, drawers, cellaret, and bevelled plate glass back, and oak extending table, with patent screw, forming a plain, substantial set, especially suitable for a country house. 15 guineas.

MAPLE and CO.'S Rush-seated Furniture is of superior character, and largely sold for dining-room, morning-room, or smoking-room use. A large assortment of chairs, corner and elbow chairs, and settees, some of Jacobean design with very handsome carvings, will always be found on show.

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MAPLE and CO. recommend the Amesbury Suite as an excellent set at a moderate price. This comprises six chairs, two easy chairs, and handsome couch with spindle rail, and is well upholstered in strong leather. There is also a handsomely carved sideboard, with unique arrangement of drawers and cupboards, recess, and cellaret, and extending dining table in oak, walnut, or mahogany, for £20 12s. 6d.

MAPLE and CO.—The LULWORTH SUITE is of superior character throughout, and consists of six chairs with carved frames, upholstered in morocco, two very comfortable easy chairs, a handsome and well-made sideboard of Early English design, with recess below, and well-executed carved panel, also bevelled plates and cellaret, also a massive extending dining table, in oak or walnut, £32 12s. 6d.

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Printed by E.D. MADDICK and Co., 1, Crane-court Fleet-street, and Published for the Proprietors, at the Office, No. 6, Whitefriars-street, Fleet-street, London.—Saturday, May 7, 1892.

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